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UNCLE DICK

AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN COMEDY IN

FOUR ACTS,

— BY —

ERNEST STOUT

AUTHOR OF

"MONSIEUR DuPONT," "PHILLIPPE SWEINFERT," "A WINTER FANTASIE," "MADAMES FEMME DE CHAMBRE," ETC., ETC.

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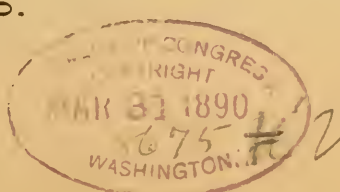

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

"Uncle Dick" Wooldridge, ... ———
Horace Brakeley, practicing law and in love, . . ———
Benjamin Todd, not practicing law but ditto, . . ———
Adolphus Greene, Una's Cousin, ... ———
Mr. Dinkelspeil, a litigant, ... ———
Jincks, the butler, ... ———

Miss Una Marjorie, a spinster, ... ———
Una Marjorie, her niece, ... ———
Alice, Dick's wife, ... ———
Little Ethel, Dick's baby, ... ———
Arabella Simpkins, maid, ... ———

TIME—Present. PLACE—New York.

ACT I.—Miss Marjorie's Reception Room. The error of a name.

ACT II.—Brakeley's Office. Two fees. Dinkelspeil's error.

ACT III.—Miss Marjorie's Parlors. Complication. Errors of identity.

ACT IV.—Miss Marjorie's Reception Rooms. Compound interest on fees. Errors corrected.

UNCLE DICK.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Miss Marjorie's reception room, well furnished: Upright piano, mirror, small table near front. Door right side; portierres in rear center showing hat rack in hall. Maid (Bella) arranging flowers in vase on piano; turns and walks forward on rise of curtain; pauses with back to hall entrance; begins talking when she turns.*

BELLA.—More of them to-night! Well, that's cheerful. Let me see? (*Counts on fingers*). First it was— Tuesday night, Mr. Greene; Wednesday night, Mr. Todd; Thursday night, a chance for me and Jincks; Friday night, Mr. Brakeley, Saturday night, mine again. Now it's Mr. Brakeley Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday—Mr. Greene and Mr. Todd thrown in twice a week. Mr. Brakeley aint so bad, but he is frequent—I can stand him though—but Mr. Greene—Oh, Lord! (*Laughs*). It's a good thing some people aint responsible for their making, and Mr. Todd—why; if he had half a chance he'd make love to me. (*Jincks enters hall door unoticed with with water set on tray, tip-toes to table, sets it down and listens. Bella looks in mirror, arranges her hair, surveys her figure, and sighs.*) Well! why not? (*meditatively*). Humph! The objection is all on my side. He's rather old and has n't got hair enough to part. He's calling on Miss Marjorie, but—humph! (*contemptuously*)—who would *hesitate* between an old maid like her and *me?* (*Leans meditatively against table*). Did n't Claude Uclaire, the rich manufacturer in "Angelina's Love," marry Angelina. The only real fault with Mr. Todd is— that mole. It's plum color; but if he were to say, like Claude, (*clasps hands, looks up, love sick*), "Miss Simpkins —Arabella, ah! let me pronounce that *beloved* name! what *is* there about me to cause this cruel repulsion?" Could I say, "Mr. Todd, it's that mole." * * * * * But there's Jincks!" (*Sighs.*)

JINCKS.—(*Who has been going through pantomime of surprise steps forward and confronts her*).—"No! Miss Simpkins—Arabella, (*mimics her*), *here's* Jincks! *Here's* Jincks! (*Bows. Bella first exhibits hysterical surprise, holds to table, recovers, turns up her nose disdainfully and struts out.*) I *never* did like pudgy *persons*, (*with great contempt*), and him, bah! If Miss Marjorie and that *man* don't have a *wedding* in this house soon there'll be—a—*funeral.* (*Shakes fist, highly incensed. Bell. Exit in high dudgeon. Admits Mr. Greene, who hands him cane, hat and coat at hall door, walks to table, takes off gloves. Jincks stands in door muttering, "Miss Simpkins—Arabella;" shakes fist in the*

air). Bah! Humph! (*Mr. Greene discovers pantomime: sinks into chair in nervous surprise. Jincks makes hasty exit*).

GREENE.— Heavens! The man must be crazy—or drunk. (*Stares around in alarm. Sighs*). Ah, me! Only well-balanced minds can stand the ordeals of this life. Minds of—er—equilibrium. If nature had not blessed me with so—ah—ah even—ah—mind, cousin Una would have upset it long ago. I never saw so provoking a girl. (*Jincks passes through room, very dignified, pauses at table by which Greene sits, takes case, stumbles, exit right door. Greene is alarmed at his close proximity and and the noise, watches him out of sight*). That fellow is positively *dangerous*. * * * Cousin Una's strange preference for the society of that *lawyer* to mine will make me the same way, I dessay, if she shows it much longer.

[ENTER MISS MARJORIE AND UNA.]

GREENE (*Rising to greet them.*)—Good evening, Una—Aunty! You— aw— look as beautiful as ever.

MISS MARJORIE—(*Disdainfully*) M-e-e.

GREENE.—No! I meant Una— aw— that is— you're both—

MISS MARJORIE, (*interrupting sharply*).—Have some sense!

GREENE.—But Una *is*— I— aw— 'll leave it to Una.

UNA.—Nonsense, Dolphus. You trespass on cousinly liberty. (*Walks to piano, takes flowers, fastens one on dress, one in hair. Aside*). He sent me these.

MISS MARJORIE.—No, he *don't!* Nobody has more right to compliment you than Adolphus. If *Mr. Brakeley* (*contemptuously*) went as far, I daresay *he* would not have found the ground posted.

UNA (*Laughingly*).—But Aunty you questioned his propriety yourself.

MISS MARJORIE (*Staring at Greene, who sits down*).—Well, he needn't say it like a sick calf. (*To Una superciliously*). Mr. Brakeley will call to-night, I suppose—as *usual*.

UNA.—Now, Aunty, I beg of you—

MISS MARJORIE (*Interrupting*).—Yes, I know—but I am opposed to your sacrificing a brilliant prospect by refusing your cousin's money—I can't say that *he* brightens it—(*looks at Greene, who is greatly discomfited*), to marry a young beggar with no other fortune than a smattering of Brownstone.

GREENE (*Conciliating and chuckling*).—Blackstone, Aunty. (*Miss Marjorie stares frigidly at him. He subsides into solemnity. Una laughs. Jincks announces Mr. Brakeley and Todd. Miss Marjorie relapses into all smiles, bows overly polite to Todd, who places hand on shirt front and bows very low in turn. Una goes forward eagerly and puts both hands in Brakeley's. Brakeley salutes Miss Marjorie, who bows to him stiffly. Miss Marjorie and Todd goes to Sofa and becomes seated.*)

BRAKELEY.—I had a call out of town to-day, but feared I

could not get back in time to keep my engagement, so I forego the call—to fill the paramount obligation.

UNA.—I am so glad.

BRAKELEY.—Are you really?

UNA (*Pouting, ignoring question*).—The flowers you sent me were beautiful.

BRAKELEY.—Not half as lovely as their wearer.

UNA.—You flatter Mr. Brakeley. They might be more correctly compared with the sweetness of their giver's sophistries (*he squeezes her hands*) or the freshness of Cousin Adolphus.

GREENE (*Looking up from a fit of abstraction into which he has fallen*).—Eh! I beg pardon. (*Pauses for reply*). *Una is engrossed with Brakeley and does not reply*). Did you speak to me?

UNA.—No, Cousin, *of* you; but you would not care to provoke repetition of a compliment. Merit is modest, you know. (*Turns again to Brakeley, both move to piano, she sits down, fumbles keys, he stands over her*).

GREENE.—Y-a-s, but inquisitive. (*Aside*). Now, that girl is making fun of me. (*Picks up album, looks at it wearily a moment, puts it down, resumes abstraction. Miss Marjorie and Todd seated on sofa have been conversing meantime in dumb show*).

TODD (*Puts hand on head, simpers*).—Really, now, the barber suggested pompadour. He's an artist of good taste, too; but I preferred it straight, you know, like er— er— everybody else. (*Looks at Greene*). That is, like *nearly* everybody else.

MISS MARJORIE.—Your taste is as good as the barber's was bad. *That* gives you a classical appearance.

TODD (*Moves to opposite end of sofa, giggles, moves back*).—Oh! (*Changes countenance; slaps pockets hard; pulls out small envelope, cigars, etc.; takes envelope*), Ah! Here they are. (*Examines cigar, finds it broke. Aside*). I'll give that to my waiter. (*Aloud*). Oh! ah! I happened by the theatre office on my way out and got a couple of opera tickets. Nicolini sings to-night. Wouldn't you like to hear him?

MISS MARJORIE (*After hesitation, during which she appears to overcome a scruple*).—So thoughtful of you—I appreciate it—but you know (*coyly*) I am opposed to theatres.

TODD (*Aside*).—I never knew she was squeamish on that subject. By George! I didn't think, or I would never have told her about that ballet girl. That's what did it! * * * * * And it's Romeo and Juliet! (*Aloud.*) So am I—to most plays; but this is all music. Besides—I had an object—

MARJORIE (*Aside*).—I wonder if he means to-night? (*Aloud.*) Er— ah! what will be the character of this play, Mr. Todd?

TODD.—Oh! * * Well! Partly religious.

MARJORIE (*Horrified*).—Religious!

TODD (*Hesitatingly*).—That is— *one* scene is in a church.

MISS MARJORIE (*Greatly modified*).—It might have a moral, then! Where is the other scene?

TODD (*Hesitating again*).—Humph— near the church.

MISS MARJORIE (*Brightening*).—Ah! Are they all?

TODD.—No— No— There's another. (*Aside, lugubriously*). In a grave-yard.

MISS MARJORIE.—Where is that?

TODD.—In a— a—(*meditatively, aside*), cemetery? no! that's too funeral. (*Aloud*). Oh! *in* the church-yard.

MISS MARJORIE.—That is not so bad. (*Taps bell*). To attend plays may be a transgression of the proprieties, Mr. Todd: but— (*maid appears*) Bella, my cloak!

TODD (*Aside*).—We'll transgress together. (*Aloud*). So good of you. (*Jumps up*). You will enjoy it. The music is fine; especially the *organ* in the *church*. (*Aside*). I wonder if she will forgive that balcony scene?

MISS MARJORIE (*Rising to go out*).—Y-e-e-s? Excuse me for a few moments. [*Exit by right door.*]

TODD (*Rising, to Brakeley*).—Horace, wont you come along, my boy—you and Miss Una—I've got a box?

BRAKELEY.—No, thank you, not to-night. (*Todd waits for Una's answer. Brakeley adds*): I answer two, you know. (*Brakeley makes pantomime towards Greene, indicating that the invitation be extended to him*)

TODD (*Aside*).—Rather *rehearse* without an audience. (*Adds, to Greene, with a show of reluctance*). Wont you join us, Mr. Greene?

GREENE (*Looking up from reverie*).—N-o, t-h-a-n-k-s, I am highly entertained here.

TODD (*Aside*).—Thank Heavens!

(*Re-enter Miss Marjorie with opera cloak, lorgnette, etc., putting on gloves; Bella follows; stops when they approach Todd; Miss Marjorie about to smile to him; discovers Bella, changes countenance; speaks sharply*).

MARJORIE.—Get Mr. Todd's hat. (*Turns to Todd smiling, he steps forward to assist buttoning gloves, she smiles*). Thank you.

TODD (*Goes to hall hat rack where Bella stands waiting with coat, assists him on with it, holds out hat and cane while he puts on gloves. He takes them in one hand, smiles, chuckles her under the chin; she courtesies. Miss Marjorie, who has been watching, clears her throat sharply; their countenaces fall. Bella scampers off. Todd goes quickly to Miss Marjorie; is obsequiously polite*). Ah, beg pardon! (*Ushers her out. Exeuant both. Brakeley and Una take seats on sofa*).

BRAKELEY.—I fancy Todd's description of the opera wont tally with Aunty's expectations.

UNA (*Laughing*).—Hardly! But Mr. Todd's politeness condones everything in Aunty's eyes.

BRAKELEY.—Yes, *now*— but later! (*Both laugh. Aside*). Fate, be merciful to Todd! (*Aloud*). Did you get note this afternoon?

UNA.—Your note! Why, no! I have not seen it.

BRAKELEY.—Never! That's odd! I posted it at noon, and it should have been delivered hours ago. It was in acceptance of your invitation to the masquerade. Described my costume—that was about all—

UNA.—(*Interrupting, surprised*).—A l-l?

BRAKELEY.—Now,—(*suggestively*), you know the balance—like all the others. (*Meditates a moment*). Oh! yes! An allusion to Aunty—but never mind that. (*Pauses, moves nearer to Una*). I hoped that Todd's invitation would be accepted. I wish Greene was in the bottom of the deep green sea.

UNA (*Looking roguishly at him*).—Trust me for a strategem. (*Walks over to Greene, puts hands on his shoulder*).—Cousin, would you get my music folio in the library. (*Discovers lorgnette on table*). Aunty has forgotten her glasses. Never mind the music. Run take them to her; she'll miss them every so much.

GREENE.—(*Rising, takes glasses from Una, looks at Brakeley then at Una; hesitates a moment; starts to sit down again. Impatiently*).—Ah!—Umph!—ah! (*Una prevents from sitting*). Ah! ah! (*grumbles*) She can get another pair at the door.

UNA (*Holds him, pouts pleadingly*).—But not like these—take them. There's a good fellow! (*Pushes him to door He pauses and glares stupidly from her to Brakeley. Gestures impatiently, dashes out. Brakeley rises, advance to Una, takes her in his arms from behind. She looks up backward. He kisses her.*)

BRAKELEY.—You little intriguante. I don't wonder that Cleopatra upset kingdoms. (*Leads her to chair, stands behind and over her. Pauses*). And you say that Aunty is serious in her objection to my suit.

UNA (*Looks up; he attempts to again kiss her, she eludes him by dodging*). Yes! Horace— (*Demurely*), because you have no fortune.

BRAKELEY (*A little bitter*).—So I thought. Aunty is like the balance of the world. With it money is the thermometer of a man's virtues. His probity, honor and merit are all measured by dollars. The length of his obituary is an exageration of numerals. Aunty is but a unit in a sordid legion.

UNA—Now—don't philosophise. You know, you pessismistic fellow, (*in mock reproof*) that I will love you none the less—never! But—(*ruefully*) you don't know how determined Aunty can be.

BRAKELEY (*Aside*).—And unpleasant when there's a suitor to frighten off. The old Temegrant! If Todd doesn't develope the qualities of Pertrucio he'll wish he had died in his peaceful infancy. (*Aloud*). Oh! yes, I do; but as long as your dear

heart holds a love for unworthy me— I shall strive to remove the obstacle which Aunty and the world hold insurmountable —Poverty.

UNA (*In mock fright*)—Oh ! don't say poverty ! that sounds like a garret-room in winter — without a fire.

BRAKELEY (*Laughing*).—Well ! hardly as bad as that. But er— impecuneosity then,—anything—it's as hard by any name, when it stands between my dear girl and I. Think of it !—in Aunty's cold, practical way—what have I to make me a desirable catch ? A lawyer's diploma—a back office, and a small clientel.

UNA (*Roguishly*) —You forgot, sir, that you have property.

BRAKELEY (*Laughing contemptevously*).—A cottage in Harlem that wont rent for enough to pay taxes.

UNA.—Couldn't we live in that, you covetous fellow ?

BRAKELEY.—We could, Una, and be as happy as in a brownstone front; but you are still a minor. * * * * * * There is only one alternative left us.

UNA (*Eagerly*).—What is that ?

BRAKELEY.—Elopement.

UNA.—Oh ! (*Rises, advances to him*). Horace ! I am willing to brave anything for you—even that. (*He embraces her*).

BRAKELEY.—My true little girl. (*Stops; deliberates, then speaks impetiously*). No ! I am not willing to place your name on the tongue of every gossipper—scandal-monger. Then, if Aunty took the matter into the courts they would decide in her favor. If I were to take you from her, clandestinely, she would not hesitate at anything —even a habeas corpus.

UNA.—A What ?

BRAKELEY.—A writ to take possession of my beloved one's body—(*lugubriously*) dead or alive.

UNA (*In great agitation*).—You— you would not let any one take *my* body ?

BRAKELEY.—Ha ! ha ! that's only the technical term. (*Takes her in his arms ; she hides her face on his shoulder.*) *Of course* I wouldn't ! They shouldn't get you from me, dear, with all the processes the courts could grind out— but there is another reason, Una—the cardinal one.

UNA (*Sobbing, wiping her eyes*).—What is that ?

BRAKELEY.—Our marriage would be annulled at Aunty's instigation. There could be no choice then but your return to her.

UNA (*Still sobbing, vehemently.*)—I hate her ! (*Changes tone, breaks down on Brakeley's shoulder again.*) No— no— Aunty could not be so cruel. She has her- - foibles, Horace, but has been very— *very*— good to me and — poor Dick.

BRAKELEY.—There ! there ! little one. (*Aside.*) I am glad she didn't get that note. (*Aloud.*) Never mind ! Aunty will come around all right some day. (*To divert her mind.*) But I

haven't *seen* Dick lately. How is he? I hope he is improving. (*Leads her over to sofa and sits down by her.*)

ENTER LITTLE ETHEL—DICK'S BABY—(*From right door.*)

(*Runs over to Una, put hands to her face, kisses her. Courtesies to Brakeley in demure childish prudery. Says: "Good evening, Mr. Brakeley." Looks at Una, starts back in surprise, puts hands on her hips, surveys her critically.*)

BABY ETHEL—Why! Aunt Una! What's the matter with your eyes? (*Una essays to laugh; Baby steps in front of Brakeley, puts head to one side and says, wisely.*) I know! You've been crying.

BRAKELEY (*To divert Baby's suspicion*).—Come here! you rogue! where did you come from? (*Takes her on his knee.*) Aint you afraid to run around this big house by yourself?

BABY ETHEL (*Toys with his watch chain.*)—Oh! I aint by my *lone* self. Uncle Dick is with me. He's been making me the *beautifullest* dolls—jes' wait and I'll show you? (*Jumps down and runs out right door.*)

BRAKELEY.—I thought the little one was Dick's child?

UNA.—She is—but it was his fancy, in a lucid interval, that we teach her to call him Uncle—to keep from her in after years the knowledge of her mother's disgrace.

BRAKELEY (*Aside*).—Logical reasoning for a crazy man. (*Aloud.*) And that knowledge upset the poor fellow's mind?

UNA.—Yes— he thinks of nothing else— talks of nothing except some puerile pleasure he takes in his baby's play.

[ENTER DICK AND BABY ETHEL.]

(*He is led by little one, by one hand, holds in the other a string of paper dolls and a pair of scissors.*)

DICK (*Chuckling.*)—Yes— yes— lace caps— every one of them shall have lace caps.

BABY ETHEL (*Nudging him.*)—Say "Good evening," Uncle Dick! There's company!

DICK (*Speaking at space.*)—Good evening! (*Mutters.*) Company— all of 'em— lace caps. (*Stands in dazed way, looking at dolls. Baby runs to Una. Brakeley rises, advances to Dick, slaps him on back. Dick starts*)

BRAKELEY.—Dick! Old fellow! How are you? (*Shakes his hand.*) Don't you know me?

DICK (*Vacantly.*)—Oh! yes! I know you. (*In subdued voice.*) Lace caps— all— (*Looking up at Brakeley.*) Oh, yes. I know— I know you. (*Brakeley takes him to seat near Una.*)

BABY ETHEL (*To Dick.*)—Cut me some more— cut me some more! (*Pushes his hands together. Dick cuts dolls. Una rises, shows him some sign of affection and pity. Dick holds up string of dolls.*)

DICK.—Beautiful! Aint they?

UNA (*Carressing him.*)—Yes, Dick; dear old Dick. (*Dick looks at her surprised.*)

DICK (*Brightly.*)—They have lace caps— see— beautiful— aint they?

BABY ETHEL (*Interrupting.*)—Oh! they must have *bonnets*, Uncle Dick. (*Holds up one with short dress and ridiculously big feet.*) Whoever heard of *lace* caps and *street* dresses.

DICK (*In weak resistance.*)—N-o-o, caps.

BABY ETHEL (*Stamping foot.*)—Bonnets! I say! Make 'em bonnets— sir— or I'll put you in the closet!

DICK (*In great alarm, humbly.*)—All right— all right— (*Pauses while he cuts one.*) Bonnets— we'll make 'em bonnets. (*Holds up one with bonnet.*) Like that?

BABY ETHEL (*Condescendingly.*) — Oh! that'll do! You naughty old boy!

BRAKELEY (*Who has been talking to Una in dumb show. Aloud*).—And he will tell the story?

UNA.—As much as we ever heard.

BRAKELEY.—Does he ever speak of the woman who deserted him and her child, and ruined his existence?

UNA.—Yes! with ceaseless repetition. The mention of her name will call it up at any time. When he was first brought home he rambled incoherently about her and the man who was guilty with her. He was an old lover. After the baby was born he renewed his suit. She was an infamous woman. They disappeared from the hotel on the same night. She left a note imploring Dick's forgiveness—praying him to regard the child with no less love because of the perfidy of its mother. He was found senseless and prostrate with the avowal of her guilt crushed between his clenched fingers. * * * * * * * * For weeks he lay in a fevered delirium, broken only by a moaning repetition of her name. That was five years ago, and although time has blunted the poignancy of his grief, it has never lifted the veil which obscured his reason from that night. Baby is very like her mother, but so bright and lovable that it seems impossible she could have been the heartless woman she was.

BRAKELEY.—The note expressed a sentiment utterly anomolous to a nature which could hold so lightly a mother's love. What was the woman's name?

UNA.—Alice —that is all of it we have learned.

DICK (*Starting on mention of name; drops scissors and dolls, heedless of Baby. Speaks quickly to Brakeley.*)—Alice— did you know Alice? (*Stares around as if expecting an intrusion; looks helpless; lowers voice sadly; bows head.*) No— you do not know her. I know! I can see it in your face. You do not know her. (*Then eagerly.*) Where is she?) (*Stares around again.*) She is not here— not here. (*Puts arms about Baby who nestles up to him.*) She is dead— dead! Alice is dead! (*Drops head in moody dejection.*) Time was when see was always

with me. Her beloved presence—loving eyes— brightened the world. That is past— past. (*Adds brightly.*) But it will come again. I know! I know! I see her often— I see her. Oh, Alice! Alice. * * * Her eyes seem to implore— (*Stops short, thinks, mutters*) Implore? Implore? (*Then bitterly, pushing Baby from him.*) No! No! I never want to see her again. (*Looks at Baby; reaches out to her; she goes to him.*) Oh, Alice! Alice! Alice! (*Breaks down; buries face on Baby's shoulder. Una walks over to him, places arm about him.*)

BABY ETHEL (*Half petulantly.*)—Uncle Dick, you've spoilt that one. Make some more!

DICK (*Looking up brightly.*)—Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Some more— with caps— no— bonnets— (*Pauses, puts hand to forehead, says slowly and deliberately*) She wore bonnets.) (*Brightens again; takes up scissors.*) All right— all right— We'll give them *a-l-l* bonnets— all of them.

UNA (*Caressing Dick again*)—Come, Dick! (*He looks surprised; gets up; she leads him to right door. Baby Ethel follows. Dick pauses half way; puts hand to his forehead; notices scissors.*)

DICK.—Oh, yes! oh, yes! they shall *all* have bonnets. [*Exit.*]

BABY ETHEL (*When Una returns.*)—Aunt Una! *What* were you crying about? (*Brakeley catches her; puts hand over her mouth; takes her on his knee; laughs.*)

BRAKELEY.— Now — Aunt— Una *was n't* crying. You must n't tell stories on Aunt Una. If you *do*— I wont bring you any more bon-bons.

BABY ETHEL (*Derisively, roguishly.*—A-h! b-a-a h!

BRAKELEY—No stories now! Mind?

BABY ETHEL (*Shaking finger.*)—*Oh! I* wont tell.

UNA (*To Baby.*)—Run along now and take good care of Uncle Dick.

BABY ETHEL (*In deepest voice, defiantly.*)—I will! Nobody shan't hurt Uncle Dick, while *I'm* around. (*Runs out of door to join him. Puts head back an instant later says in loud tone.*) Bring me some bon-bons— to morrow night! I wont tell! (*Disappears as Brakeley makes motion as if to catch her.*)

[*Bell*—ENTER TODD, MISS MARJORIE AND GREENE.]

(*Greene walks to table, puts hat down by a work basket on it; takes off gloves and coat, sits down, falling into former apathetic state. Todd and Miss Marjorie together, he is very attentive. Todd removes coat, gloves, hat, takes them to hall rack; comes back to where she stands; removes gloves; talking meanwhile.*)

TODD.—Beautiful— magnificent. I never heard a better tenor— Romeo's I mean.

MISS MARJORIE.—Yes, it was nice— All but those costumes. (*Prudishly.*) I can't believe that such garbs were every worn by people in their senses.

TODD (*Aside.*)—They were a little abreviated. I wonder what she would have thought of that ballet girl. The masque-

rade to-morrow night will paralyze her. (*Assists her off with cloak.*) Ah! yes! umph!

BRAKELEY.—How did you enjoy the opera?

TODD (*heartily.*)—Delightful, my boy, delightful. (*Unbuttons Miss Marjorie's gloves and she smiles in acknowledgment.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Resumes acrid expression to answer Brakeley. Stiffly.*)—Very well! Thank you.

UNA (*To Greene.*)—Did you enjoy it, Cousin?

GREENE (*Shortly.*)—N-a-w! The beastly music bored me. (*Sighs.*) I will never feel a melody in my soul again until—until— (*To Miss Marjorie, who holds cloak on her arm; offers to remove it.*) Ah— permit me!

MISS MARJORIE (*Glaring at Una.*) No! (*Sweeps it out of his reach.*) You have *quite* enough to bear without troubling yourself about *me.*

GREENE (*Sitting down.*)—Y-a-w-s; business routine *is* trying on a fellow's constitution.

MISS MARJORIE (*Sourly.*)—Humph! I don't mean that—fool!

GREENE (*Stammering*).—Eh— aw— 'pon my word—you're complimentary, Aunty.

MISS MARJORIE (*Sharply.*)—I'm *truthful!* (*Walks in front of him to table; fingers with card case. He draws up his feet in alarm; turns to watch her. She stops at table, glares at him. He looks away; drops back into apathetic study.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Contemptuously.*)—Silence *may* be golden; but it don't always indicate *brains.* (*Greene starts. Todd looks at Miss Marjorie in surprise. She assorts cards in receiver.*

TODD (*To divert Greene.*)—Ah— you say you don't like music, Mr. Greene?

GREENE (*Gruffly.*)—N-a-w!

TODD (*Aside.*)—The uncivil nincompoop. (*Aloud, sarcastically.*) Do you know, Mr. Greene, what Shakespeare says of the man who has (*imitates*) no— aw— melody in his soul?

GREENE,—N-a-w. (*Todd looks around at ladies; about to speak.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Interrupting sharply.*)—That, "He is an ass!" (*General consternation.*)

TODD (*Aside.*)—I wonder where she found that quotation?

MISS MARJORIE.—That may not be what Shakespeare says, but I say it. It is applicable in the present case. (*Greene fidgets uneasily; looks towards hat.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Fumbling in cards; finds letter; holds up; reads.*)—"Miss Una Marjorie." How came that here? The hand writing is strange. (*Touches bell.*)

[ENTER JINCKS.]

(*Approaches Miss Marjorie very respectfully. She eyes him severely. Bella appears behind portierres in hall.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Austerely.*)—Jincks! (*Jincks bows.*) When Mr. Todd calls in company with any one else announce his name *always* first. Not as you did this evening—last. * * * How came you to overlook delivery of this letter?

JINCKS (*bowing.*)—I beg pardon, ma'am, but I carried it to you when it came this afternoon; you left it on the card receiver.

MISS MARJORIE.—Has it lain there all the time? (*Jincks bows, she glares at him, tears open note; reads; displays agitation and anger; says, sternly.*) Jincks, who brought this *letter?*

JINCKS (*Bowing.*)—The Postman ma'am.

MISS MARJORIE (*Reads aloud, angrily.*)—"Dearest Una: I will call this evening after supper. I am afraid 'Aunty' begins to object to the frequency of my visits. She glared at me the other evening as sourly as a vinegar cruet possessed of eyes. You remember Irving's legend of the 'Three Princesses?' Well! 'Aunty' is as acrid as the Duenna who guarded them—if not as old. I got your invitation to the masquerade and will attend in a disguise that will deceive even the eyes of the glum old girl (*clutches air; great rage*)—a Turkish Sheik. Until to-night, good-bye." "Your Darling."

BRAKELEY (*Aside.*)—Heavens! She's got my note.

MISS MARJORIE (*In hysteric rage.*)—Glum old girl! Duenna! *me! me!!* Jincks! Jincks! (*Jincks, Una and Brakeley gather about her.*) Jincks! Whose hand writing is that! (*Reads superscription again.*) It *aint* for me. It's for Una.

JINCKS (*Looks at envelope.*—I don't know ma'am. (*Greene looks at it from a distance, draws away toward table in alarm.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*To Una.*)—This is yours, Miss! (*Una reaches for it, Miss Marjorie draws it out of reach; adds angrily.*) Who— is— *your*— — *Darling?*

JINCKS (*Interrupting; looks at writing again.*)—I wont be sure; but that hand writing looks like— like—

MISS MARJORIE (*Shrieking.*)—W-h-o-s e!

JINCKS.—Mr. Greene's!

(*Greene starts, makes attempt to get hat, gets work basket by mistake. Miss Marjorie flies toward him in a rage; he puts basket on his head, spills thimbles, spools, etc., on floor; throws it down; dashes out followed by Miss Marjorie, who seizes book from table to strike him.*)

[CURTAIN.]

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Brakeley's office; modestly furnished. Dick seated at table writing. Enter Brakeley, greets Dick, walks to another desk, fumbles with papers; asks about Dick's "Brief" (a voluminous and worn manuscript on which Dick is working;) remarks, aside; approves patronizingly aloud; returns it; sits down; is seated when Dinkelspeil enters.*

BRAKELEY (*Taking off gloves.*)—Morning, Dick.

DICK (*With great dignity.*)—Good morning!

BRAKELEY.—Has there been any one here— Dick— inquiring for me?

DICK (*Turning in chair; places finger against forehead, deliberates a moment, then speaks slowly.*)—*Nobody* that *I* know of— If there had been anybody I *would* have known—

BRAKELEY (*Interrupting.*)—So you would! Dick! So you would! But when we are writing a *Brief*— we are liable to forget— you know. Now, be sure, Dick— are there any cards— was Mr. Dinkelspeil —short man— big nose— was here yesterday— you know— wasn't *he* here?

DICK (*Meditating again.*)—No! * * * No! *He* wasn't here. (*Then quickly.*) I've got him in the *brief*, though.

BRAKELEY.—Did Mr. Todd— comes out home— you know— Miss Marjorie's— did *he* call?

DICK (*Again meditating; speaking very slowly.*)— No—let me see. * * * *He* wasn't here. He's in the brief— too.

BRAKELEY.—*Now*, be *sure*—Dick— Was there a lady— a nice looking lady— with a veil over her face— be *sure* Dick— was *she* here?

DICK (*Thinking as before.*)—With a veil? No! *She* wasn't here.

BRAKELEY (*In surpsise.*)—Why! Business has been dull then— hasn't it, Dick?

DICK.—No! * * * It *might* have been— but *I* was busy— (*looks affectionately at brief*) I didn't notice.

BRAKELEY.—That's so, Dick. And how is the brief this morning, Dick?

DICK (*Brightly.*)—Fine! fine! I'm getting along fine! I am over to where Columbus landed.

BRAKELEY (*Takes manuscript, turns it over; laughs good naturedly.*)—Yes; that's doing splendidly. (*Laughs again.*) But Columbus didn't land at *Castle Garden* Dick.

DICK (*Greatly surprised.*)—No? *Didn't* he? I thought he did.

BRAKELEY.—No! Everybody else does— but he didn't— that'll do, though, Dick— Historians can't always be correct— you know— and nobody but you and I will know (*hands manuscript back*) and *we* ain't going to tell em, are we?

DICK (*Makes gesture, deprecating the idea. Lays out the manuscript before him and studies it.*)

BRAKELEY (*Listening.*) — Somebody's coming, Dick. We must put on office manners, you know, when customers come. (*Dick nods; begins driving away on brief: Brakeley goes over to desk, sits down and writes.*)

[ENTER DINKELSPEIL.]

(*Brakeley and Dick appear very busy; neither look up.*)

DINKELSPEIL (*Putting finger on side of nose; looking around*

knowingly.) Alvays beesy, Meester Brageley— Id's a fine thing to haf a goot beesiness.

(*Dick increases speed.*)

—BRAKELEY (*Looking up.*)—Ah— Good morning, Mr. Dinkelspeil. Have a seat? (*Bends over to finish a sentence, then attends Dinkelspeil.*)

DINKELSPEIL (*Drawing up chair, sitting down.*)—I haf der papers— Meester Brageley— I got der papers. (*Shows package of papers; unties them.*)

BRAKELEY.—I congratulate you on your good fortune.

DINKELSPEIL.—Id all gomes of hafing a fine lawyer, Meester Brageley. (*Clasps his hands; speaks with sycophantic flattery.*) Vat beaudiful sbeeches you made. I wish I could speak like dot. Dose beaud—

BRAKELEY (*Embarrassed; interrupting.*)—A mere nothing, Mr. Dinkelspeil. I did my best and won your suit.

DINKELSPEIL.—Yah! bud *vat* beautiful sbeeches.

BRAKELEY.—Oh! come now! * * * * Did you fix up the other little matter?

DINKELSPEIL.—Aboud der fee? (*lugubriously.*) Dot is vat bodders me— Meester Brageley— after all does beautiful sbeeches— I gant bay der fee. (*Brakeley wheels chair around surprised and angry. Dinkelspeil gestures deprecatingly.*) Dond ged mad? Meester Brageley; dond ged mad?— ah! (*clasps hands— again looks up*) vat beaudiful sbeeches— Bud I gand helb it Meester Brageley— It vas my bad lugk— I gand helb it— I gand helb it!

BRAKELEY (*Angrily.*)—Why didn't you tell me this before?

DINKELSPEIL.—I dond know id— Meester Brageley— I dond know id. I vas a squvare man— dough— I vand always to do der squvare ding. Dake dose lands— gif me dot leetle deeference, und I bay you like a squvare man.

BRAKELEY (*Impatiently.*)—Hang the lands! I told you I had no money! I can't pay the difference— you can borrow enough on them to pay for my services.

DINKELSPEIL (*Conciliatingly.*)—Yah! Yah! Meester Brageley— but dose money lenders vant such robbers inderesds. How ish a poor man, like me, to bay dose inderesds. Dake der lands— gif me segurity— gif me segurity.

BRAKELEY (*Hesitatingly.*)—I've got nothing to secure you but a Harlem cottage—

DINKELSPEIL (*Interrupting.*)—Dot vill do— dot vill do, Meester Brageley. I hade to bart mit dose lands— dey're vort big money some day— but gif me dot— I vas a squvare man, und wand to do der square ting— gif me segurity on der house.

BRAKELEY (*To Dick.*)—What do you think, Dick, shall I take it?

DICK (*Solemnly.*)—Yes! yes! We'll put it in the brief.

BRAKELEY (*To Dinkelspeil.*)—Well, I'll think about it and let you know.

DINKELSPEIL (*Aloud. Pretending to consider.*)—Dose beaud-iful lands— But I vas a squvare man— (*Aside.*) If he dond dake id vhile he vas in der notion— he might find oud aboud dose overflows. "Never led loose der bull when you haf him by der horns." (*Aloud, sighing.*) Vy *gouldn't* I ged dod money?

BRAKELEY.—I'd rather you would—

DINKELSPEIL (*Interrupting.*)—Yah! Bud id's yours— id's yours— I vas a square man, Mr. Brageley— und id's yours— (*Sits down at Brakeley's desk; writes a few moments across the back of the document he has. Pauses.*) Haf you got a node.

BRAKELEY (*Considering.*)—I don't know yet whether—— Well, all right— (*Hands Dinkelspeil a note; he makes it out, gets up, lays it on the table; hands Brakeley deeeds.*)

DINKELSPEIL.—Here ish der deed. Meester Brageley. Yust sign dot. (*Motions to note. Brakeley puts deed in his pocket, sits down.*)

BRAKELEY (*Reads note; jumps up indignantly.*)—What's this! *Twelve* per cent. interest! No, sir! (*throws down the note*) I wont sign that!

DINKELSPEIL (*Apologetically, catching him by the coat lapels.*)—My dear Meester Brageley— dond get excited— Did I make id *dwelve*— I mean'd ten— *only* ten— (*takes pen and corrects it*) Meester Brageley.

BRAKELEY.—I'll not pay that, either.

DINKELSPEIL (*Whining.*)—I vas a poor man, Meester Brageley— I vas a poor man.

BRAKELEY (*Hesitating as if about to back out of bargain.*)—I don't want—

DINKELSPEIL (*Interrupting, eagerly.*)—Eighd! eighd! I vill mage id eighd!

BRAKELEY.—No! Six, or nothing.

DINKELSPEIL (*Expostulating.*)—Bud— my d-e-a r Meester Brageley— (*Brakeley takes out deed to return it; Dinkelspeil pushes it away; speaks quickly.*) I forgod! Dose beau-d-i-ful sbeeches. Six— all righd— I vill mage id six. (*Corrects and hands note to Brakeley. Sadly.*) You vas hard on a *boor* man, Meester Brageley. (*Brakeley make gesture of deprecation. Dinkelspeil continues, quickly.*) Bud I mage id six.

BRAKELEY (*Sits down to sign: writes initials of his name; looks out of window; exclaims.*) Una! Dick! Una is coming!! (*Jumps up, runs out. Dick goes to door. Dinkelspeil looks at note; lays it down; walks forward. Aside.*)

DINKELSPEIL.—Five hundred agres of shwamps— for dwo dhousand dollars. * * * * He gan go feeshing on id— if der musgeeders and snakes vill led him.

[RE-ENTER BRAKELEY WITH UNA AND BABY ETHEL.]

(*Dick and Baby Ethel go to Dick's table; Una and Brakeley*

walk apart from them. Dinkelspeil remains standing, unnoticed by Una.)

UNA (*Laughingly.*)—I gave Aunty the slip nicely.

BRAKELEY (*Embracing her.*)—How did you manage it?

UNA.—I left her in a store while I went to the ribbon counter and came *here* to see how— (*roguishly*) *business* was.

BRAKELEY (*Squeezing her hands.*—You rogue?

UNA (*Solemnly.*)—Horace! Do you know Aunty suspects you of writing that note?

BRAKELEY (*In mock surprise.*)—N-o-o?

UNA.—Yes, sir! You ought to be ashamed of such irreverence.

BRAKELEY.—I am— a little.

UNA.—Only *a little?* You are incorrigible, sir. *But* wait until *Aunty* sees you.

BRAKELEY (*With gesture of terror.*)—Heaven forbid!

UNA.—But she will— at the masquerade.

BRAKELEY (*Quickly.*)—Una— I can't go then. The note gave my costume.

UNA.—Is *that* the *only* costume in New York?

BRAKELEY.—Why! certainly not. I'll get another one.

UNA (*Sits down, picks up note on Brakeley's desk; reads; he stands over her.*)—Humph— "Twelve months after date I promise to pay $2,000." Hump— "Horace Broke—" Who is Horace Broke— pray?

BRAKELEY (*Laughing.*)—I am Horace— broke— or will be when I finish signing this. (*Reaches for note; Una moves it out of his reach.*)

UNA (*Playfully.*)—And who are you going to pay, sir?

BRAKELEY (*Motioning to Dinkelspeil, who steps forward and bows*)—This gentleman! (*Una hands it over after one or two feints; Brakeley finishing signing hands it to Dinkelspeil.*)

DINKELSPEIL (*Leering at Una.*)—I'd vas vort der indersd knocked off to get id from such beaudiful hands. (*Una straightens up, haughtily.*)

BRAKELEY (*Stepping toward Dinkelspeil, sharply.*)—Eh!

DINKELSPEIL (*Moves toward door; stops to look at Una; raises hands in ecstacy.*)—Gracious! Aind she purty? (*Brakely starts toward him; he makes exit slamming door behind him.*)

BRAKELEY—Confound his impudence!

UNA (*Getting up; taking Brakeley's hand; putting hat on his head sideways.*)—Come!

BRAKELEY (*Straightening hat.*)—Where?

UNA.—To Aunty!

BRAKELEY (*In feigned horror.*)—Never! Never!!

UNA.—Before *she* comes after us

(*Dick jumps up in alarm, puts on hat. Baby Ethel takes his hand.*)

BRAKELEY (*In mock fright.*)—Come on! Come on! (*Exuant*

Una and Brakeley. Dick and Baby Ethel follow to door. Dick stops, returns to get brief; rolls it up with great care, takes it under his arm.

BABY ETHEL—You're so slow, Uncle Dick! (*aside.*) I'll fix him. (*Aloud.*) She's coming! She's coming! (*Dick takes her hand; makes exit in great alarm.*)

(*They are all heard laughing outside, on left of stage. Sharp raps on right door. Pause for an answer. They are repeated in angry succession. Door swings violently open.*)

[ENTER MISS MARJORIE.]

(*Highly incensed; glares around; shakes parasol threateningly; knocks paper off of Dick's desk; discovers placard "No whistling allowed in this office." Whistles defiantly.*)

MISS MARJORIE.—I'd like to see any one prevent me from doing anything I want to. (*Glares around again.*) Ribbon counter! indeed! What shade of ribbons did she expect to get *here?* (*Catches sight of paper tied with red string.*) Red tape! perhaps? (*Walks about, examining papers, etc.*) I'd like to see *Mr. Brakeley.* My future visits will not be as eagerly wished for by him. *Dolphus* write that note? Preposterous! No! I wont believe it! He was raised under my influence, and *respects* me too much to refer to me in *unseemly epithets.* Old! humph! Old girl! humph! I'd like to *see* that lawyer—(*contemptuously*) the young *whippersnapper.* (*Looks around; is struck with an idea; sits down at table; writes, tapping her foot nervously on the floor. Finishes note; holds it up.*) That will do! I am too much of a lady to indulge in scenes. (*Sweeps a pile of paper, which is in her way, off of table.*) I'll leave him *this.* (*Reads aloud*)

"H. Brakeley—Sir:—I was *temporarily* deceived last night, and suspected a *gentleman*—namely, Mr. Greene—of writing a scurrilous epistle, of which *no* gentleman would have been guilty. I called to see *you*, sir; but you were not in your (*great contempt*) office. I do not remain, because should I meet you, I might demean myself by the display of an indignation which, though warm, would be instructing *you* in the art of good manners; and that is far more notice than I care to give you. You know what I mean, sir. *You* wrote that note to my niece, and I take occasion to notify you, here, that your attentions to that young lady are unpleasant to her as well as myself, and must cease from this time— forever. She is *betrothed*, sir, to her cousin—Mr. Adolphus Greene. The invitation sent you—(by mistake) to the masquerade at my house—is hereby recinded. I subscribe myself, sir, a lady who condescends, for once, to address *other* than a gentleman.

"UNA MARJORIE, *Senior.*"

(*Seals note; rises to go out, when Brakeley and Todd enter left door arm-in-arm.*)

TODD (*To Brakeley, entering.*)—I was looking for you, my boy— (*Discovers Miss Marjorie.*) Aw— Good morning, Miss Marjorie; this is indeed a pleasure! (*Walks over to her; bows very low; takes her hand.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Smiling grimly.*)—I am glad to see *you*, Mr. Todd. I was about to go in search of my niece— who I feared might be in *questionable* company—when you came in, and must leave. (*Walks to door; passes Brakeley very erect; nose high in air; he steps aside in alarm.*)

TODD (*Stammering.*)—What? so soon! Miss Marjorie.

MISS MARJORIE (*Looking at Brakeley disdainfully.*)—Yes, Mr. Todd, (*sniffs air*) I must. This very *atmosphere*— is— *odif-er-ous!* (*Sweeps out grandly. Brakeley and Todd sink into chairs overcome.*)

TODD.—What have *I* done?

BRAKELEY (*After pause.*)—Don't you want my costume. I don't believe that I'll go to the masquerade.

TODD (*Jumping up.*)—I don't know whether I *do* or *not!*

BRAKELEY.—Oh! she has *only* got it in for *me*. She thinks I wrote that note.

TODD (*Eyeing him sharply.*)—That was a little tough. (*With a show of anger.*) *Did* you?

BRAKELEY (*Advancing; nudging him in the ribs.*)—You know that was one of your jokes! you rascal!

(*Todd retreats; evinces greatest surprise; shakes head repeatedly in contradiction.*)

BRAKELEY—Then it *must* have been *Greene*.

TODD.—I wish I knew whether it was— I'd (*fiercely*) pull his nose.

BRAKELEY (*Delighted.*)—And ears too?

TODD.—And box them— besides.

BRAKELEY.—Yes— box them. Ha! ha! ha! (*Slaps him on back in high glee.*) But don't you want that suit. (*Lugubriously.*) I'd *rather* not go.

TODD —All right! all right! I'll take it off your hands. What did it cost? (*Takes out pocket-book.*)

BRAKELEY (*Pushing purse away.*)—Never mind the cost, old fellow! its yours. Here— Wait a moment. (*Goes to desk; busies himself writing.*)

TODD (*Walking to opposite side of room; struck suddenly by memory of something. Takes a dispatch from his pocket.*)—Humph! I came mighty near forgetting *that*. (*Reads aloud.*) "Benjamin Todd, Secretary Southern Investment Company: Buy to-day, if *possible*, five thousand acres Arkansas land—Crittenden county. Cypress grown. See the man Dinkelspeil, if he can be found. Offer $200 an acre for what he has. Close to-day. A rival company is after it. John Smith, President." (*Aside.*) Dinkelspeil! Oh, yes! the Hebraic gentleman—I'll hunt him

up. (*Aloud.*) Horace, my boy, I've got a little business affair to attend to. Send the suit around to my rooms — will you?

BRAKELEY.—Yes! yes! all right! (*Exit Todd, hastily, unobserved; after his departure Brakeley continues.*) What is your number? (*Looks up; discovers Todd gone; goes to door; calls; runs out.*) Todd! oh, Todd! (*Re-enter Brakeley chuckling.*) I feel sorry for Todd; ha! ha! (*Sits down; discovers note; holds it up.*) Who left that here? (*Reads; drops back in chair; gasps.*) Great Heavens! She was *here! here!! waiting* for me! Whew! * * * * * * (*Meditatively.*) So my invitation is—ha! ha!—*rescinded.* That's formal. And I am not to see Una—*That's* unpleasant. Well! now! if *young* love can't cheat old *opposition* I'd like to know the reason. If it wasn't for that annulment clause I'd marry the little girl now — and then (*in mock alarm*) buy an armor—cap-a-pie. * * * * * And *Todd* will wear my suit. I *do* feel sorry for Todd. Ha—ha! (*Enter* ALICE *unobserved, left door.*) She's a *daisy.* Ha! ha! (*Brakeley wheels before finishing the sentence. Alice mistakes it for rather a broad compliment, draws up indignantly.*)

BRAKELEY (*Embarrassed.*)—Beg pardon— er— I was ruminating on the qualities of one of my lady acquaintances. (*Places chair.*) Have a seat? (*Walks to his own chair; sits down; turns expectantly.*)

ALICE.—Mr. Brakeley— I believe?

BRAKELEY.—Yes— that is conventional title.

ALICE (*Smiling wearily.*)—Have you another?

BRAKELEY—No! Well! I *am* given another by the lady of whom I was thinking.

ALICE (*Smiles.*)—I wish to institute inquiries, Mr. Brakeley, for one who I last saw in this city some years ago.

BRAKELEY (*Attentively.*)—Y-e-e-s?

ALICE.—And I understand that you can aid me in the matter— at— (*hesitates*) a *nominal* cost.

BRAKELEY.—Yes, I think I could.

ALICE.—I mention the fee, sir, because— you may see (*indicates her modest attire*) that I am unable to pay a large one. (*Quickly.*) Unless— unless— you were successful. (*Then dubiously.*) I don't know— I don't know— *what* then.

BRAKELEY.—Don't mention that *now!* Wait until something is done. Case first— fee next— It's an unbusiness-like axiom, but one that I have adopted. Who is the— er— er—

ALICE (*Prompting.*)—Gentleman.

BRAKELEY.—Gentleman you wish to find? Was he a man of any prominence— well-known— in business?

ALICE.—Yes, he was a banker five years ago. I have searched the city directories since that time, but his name does not appear in them. It was dropped almost immediatly after our— *separation* * * * and none of his former associates know

anything of him. He disappeared from them as completely as his name did from the city record.

BRAKELEY (*Aside.*)—A grass-widow! Pretty ones are dangerous. (*Aloud, delicately.*) Gentleman— your— your husband?

ALICE (*Looking down.*)—Yes! (*Hesitating.*) But he was— married— again after we separated.

BRAKELEY (*Aside.*)—I knew it! Divorce!

ALICE (*Overhearing.*)—Yes! A divorce— not by the courts, but by the perfidy of a supposed friend and conspiring circumstances.

BRAKELEY (*Surprised.*)—The man is a bigamist, then!

ALICE.—He believes *me dead.*

BRAKELEY.—How came he victim to such a mistake?

ALICE.—The story is not an unusal one: By marrying him I disappointed another, and made an enemy to our happiness. We were married ten years ago. Our life was as happy as his love and my devotion could make it. Until after our baby's birth we were separated from my former suitor. In an unfornate hour we again met him. His professions of friendship for my husband—pretended affection for my baby—better prepared me to become a victim to his duplicity. He forged a telegram, purporting to be from my invalid sister in Washington, saying that her life had been despaired of, and asking me to see her before she died. I wrote a note to my husband explaining the cause of my sudden departure, and boarded the first train for Washington. In the note I asked my husband to follow, with the nurse and child, on the next one. I trusted my husband's friend (?) with its delivery. The train on which I left was wrecked. I was injured, and weeks elapsed befor I awoke to consciousness in a hospital, in a strange city. When sufciently recovered I returned to New York, and inquired at the hotel for my busband and baby. The cruel suspicion conveyed by the scant civility with which I was treated did not then occur to me, but is now only too plain. I learned what I most dreaded —that my absence had not been explained. My husband and child were gone. The note I wrote him had never reached him, and in his eyes I was a— *wanton.* * * * * This knowledge— a wife's despair— a mother's axiety— made unendurable what was already infinite torture. I became ill again— and recovered— to begin what has been a fruitless search.

BRAKELEY.—When— how did you learn of this second marriage?

ALICE.—Two years after.— By a communication from the man who caused my dishonor in a husband's esteem. Before I received it I was ignorant of the odious deception he had practiced. It was a confession that made plain all that I could not understand before. He caused the telegram to be sent and provided for my detention had his plan not miscarried The accident in which I was hurt served his end as well, and he

wrote, exultantly, that my husband first believed me *faithless*— then dead— that my memory with him had been short-lived after the accummulation of damaging appearances against me— that another woman had supplanted me in the affections of my husband and my baby. I was afraid to investigate farther for that reason. (*Sadly.*) If he is happy I not wish to interfere. Only to see him— even if he never again hears of me.

BRAKELEY (*Aside.*)—Humph! A female Enoch Arden.

ALICE.—I have sent his photographs to detectives in every city in the United States, but their search for him has been as futile as my own.

BRAKELEY.—Have you any photographs left?

ALICE (*Hands him photograph; he examines it; starts. Aside.*) Where have I seen that face?

ALICE.—(*Notices action; speaks eagerly; catches him by the arm.*)—Did *you* know him?

BRAKELEY (*Hesitates before answering.*)—I was trying to think. The forehead is like— the eyes look at me as familiarly— as in life— But I can't imagine— *who* it is so like. No! It is only a fancied resemblance— I don't remember— (*looks again.*) *yet* there is *something* about the face which forces itself upon me. Have you any proofs of your husbands second marriage besides the mere assertion of the man who—

ALICE (*Interrupting.*)—Yes! Anticipating a disbelief in the confession he made, he enclosed with it a copy of the marriage certificate and a newspaper article saying that it had been consummated.. But the place and date on both were carefully erased.

BRAKELEY.—Where are they now?

ALICE.—I left them at my hotel.

BRAKELEY.—I would like to see them— when could you send them here?

ALICE (*Rising.*)—I will get them myself. The hotel is only a few blocks distant. I will return here with them in an hour. (*Goes to door; stands; suddenly remembers something and comes back*) The fee— Mr. Brakeley— (*Hesitates. Brakeley is about to say something; she makes a gesture not to interrupt.*) I told you— sir— that I was unable to pay a *large* one. (*He essays to speak; she silences him again, and proceeds with a show of confusion.*) I am unable to pay *any!* (*Brakeley signifies indifference to fee by pantomime; Alice opens a package, displays watch.*) I want to secure you—

BRAKELEY (*Interrupting. Offended.*).—Don't mention it! I am no pawnbroker, madam.

ALICE (*Hurt.*)—Pardon me, if I have offended you. Accept this, though, until I can redeem it— I will feel more at liberty to ask your aid— unless you *do*—pardon me, Mr. Brakeley— I— can— not ask your assistance. (*Lays watch on corner of Brakeley's desk, Exit, hastily.*)

BRAKELEY (*Picks up watch; starting after her.*)—Miss! Madam! (*Stops.*) Ah, well! confound it! I will keep it until she comes back. Successful or not, I would become a grinder, indeed, to keep it. (*Sits down; opens watch; looks at it; puts it down; thinks a moment.*) *Where* did I see the original of that picture? Somewhere— I'm *sure*. On the street perhaps. No! the face seems to have been associated with me—*every day!* * * * Oh, well! a bad job is best done when given up. It'll come to me— some time.

(RE-ENTER DICK

with brief carefully hugged under his arm; spreads it out on table.)

BRAKELEY (*Looking up.*)—Got back, Dick?

DICK (*Arranging pens and ink, stands about table in absent way.*)—Yes! Yes! I've been out for a walk— * * * It recuperates the mind— * * * It's healthy.

BRAKELEY.—So it is! Dick! So it is!

DICK.—And *one* working on *this* (*touches brief affectionately*) must have recuperation— and health.

BRAKELEY.—Sure— sure— so they must! But we've had quite a rush of business to-day, Dick, we have been *overwhelmed* with business, havn't we?

DICK.—(*Looks surprised, then vacantly; makes a memorandum on manuscript; mutters.*)—Must get *him*— I forgot *him*.

BRAKELEY (*Patronizingly.*—Still working on the brief? Dick! (*Dick looks up and nods.*) Yes! yes! lots of 'em in here— (*touches paper*) *lots* of 'em. Queer people, too! Queer people—

BRAKELEY (*Interrupting.*)—Have you got *Aunty* in there?

DICK —Oh! yes! oh! yes! she's in there. (*Pauses; goes to Brakeley; whispers.*) I don't mind telling *you*, but I wouldn't like to have it get out— but (*with great show*) I wish she *wasn't*. She makes trouble with the figures— she gets em tangled up— I must straighten those tangles out. (*Goes back; bends over manuscript.*)

BRAKELEY.—Aunty was down here, you know, to-day. (*Dick looks alarmed.*) Yes— she was here— and I'm afraid she'll make *more* trouble with the figures. (*Dick looks at him questionly; he picks up manuscript nervously.*) Yes! If she finds out *Una* was here—she's determined on it— I know it— *I* wont tell her though— you aint going to, are you? I'm not— (*Dick shakes his head vigorously.*)

DICK.—No! no! please don't— she'll turn the figures all around— topsey-turvey— I wont— (*Dick breaks off without finishing sentence and figures manuscript absently*)

BRAKELEY (*Aside.*)—*I expect she would.* (*Aloud.*) No! no! last thing I'd think of— Dick— I wont tell her. (*Dick's face brightens.*) And now, Dick, I am going out. (*Walks over to Dick; puts hand on his shoulder.*) You straighten out the tan-

gles— and if a lady calls to see me— tell her I'll be back presently. (*Goes to left door.*)

(ENTER DINKELSPEIL.]

(*Unobserved at right door. Greatly excited.*)

DINKELSPEIL (*Aside.*)—Mother of Moses! If hair dond gost money I pull mine oud! I vas a ruined man — a ruined man! Two hundred dollars an agre— two hundred und feefty agres— *fee-fty* thousand dollars! Mother of Moses! Und led id slip dro my fingers like dot. I vas gracy fool! I v-i-l-l go gracy— I v-i-l-l go gracy! *Brakeley turns; discovers him; he changes countenance, but not too soon to avert Brakeley's suspicion.*)

DINKELSPEIL (*Dissembling; rubbing hands.*)—Ah, Meester Brageley, I vas back vonce more— I made a leedle misdake— in der description of dot land— I vant to gorrect id— like a squvare man— (*Laughs insinuatingly.*) Oder peoples dond care for leedle misdakes— ven dey lose noding— but I vas a squvare man— Meester Brageley— I dond vant to schwindle nobody.

BRAKELEY (*Surprised.*)—But the deed has been registered— I sent it to the Register's office and it has been entered already.

DINKELSPEIL (*Starts in surprised alarm.*)—Registered already? (*Savagely.*) Den you *knew*— you *knew*— you would *schwindle* me —

BRAKELEY (*Threateningly.*)—What do you mean?

DINKELSPEIL (*Backing from him; recovering; servilely.*)— Noding! noding! Meester Brageley— so helb me— I dond mean anything— only only—

BRAKELEY.—What?

DINKELSPEIL (*Cringing.*)—I vas a man of family— Mr. Brageley— a man of family— If I sell land dot dond belong to me—Meester Brageley— (*shows alarm*) I ged my— self in jail. (*More emotion.*) Vat vould my leetle schildren do if I ged in jail —

BRAKELEY (*Interrupting.*)—Ha! ha! ha! Rest easy—my friend. I'll not send you to jail— for a mistake. (*Starts out.*) Come around to-morrow— I've an appointment now! I can't get the deed back until then. (*Exit.*)

DINKELSPEIL (*Aside.*)—Gracious Heaven! I vas a ruined man! He knows! He vould schwindle me! Vat a fool I vas— (*emotion*) vat a fool? He vould schwindle me— *dam* him! (*Aloud. Turning to follow Brakeley. Calling in a whining voice.*) Meester Brageley! Meester Brageley!! (*Exit both right door.*)

DICK (*Rising.*)—I haven't got *him*. (*Muses.*) Let me see, *have I* got him? No! (*Muses again.*) I'm afraid *he* would tangle the figures— (*Hesitates.*) I'll see— (*Waiks to Brakeley's desk; takes pen; goes to his own; writes; takes pen back; discovers Alice's watch; snatches it up; puts hand to forehead; staggers.*)

Hers! Hers!! I gave it to her! (*Looks around apartment dazed.*)

[ENTER ALICE.]

(*Left door; starts; recognizes Dick; hold out her hands supplicatingly.*

ALICE.—Dick! Dick!!

DICK (*Wheels; staggers.*)—Alice!! (*Falls in swoon.*)

ALICE (*Rushes to him; holds up his head; bends over him; kisses him.*)—Dick! Dick! Oh! Dick! Answer me? speak to me Dick!

[RE-ENTER BRAKELEY.]

BRAKELEY (*Stops in door; surprised.*)—What is this? (*Goes to Dick; stoops ever him; shakes him.*) Dick! old fellow! Here! wake up! Dick! What's the matter? (*To Alice, savagely.*) What have you done to him? What are you doing?

ALICE (*Bending over Dick.*)—*No* one has better right to minister him. I am his *wife!*

BRAKELEY (*Astounded.*)—Leave him then, if you care for him! Your presence will excite him. Go! Call here to learn of him. Go! you'll do harm— no good— Go! I tell you!

(*Alice kisses Dick passionately; rises; goes to door; stands in it undecided, holding out hands toward Dick.*)

[CURTAIN.]

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Miss Marjorie's parlors, showing corner of dining room right side. Portierres partially concealing table within. Miss Marjorie in evening costume (rather thin) talking to two dominoes (gentleman and lady masked). Other masquers about room. Hall behind (different from first act) showing Jincks in smart lackey's dress, standing near entrance to admit guests, care for wraps, etc. Miss Marjorie walks from Dominoes; cast eyes over assemblage; motions to Jincks, who approaches and bows.*

MISS MARJORIE.—Has the *Turk* arrived yet?

JINCKS.—No, ma'am.

MISS MARJORIE.—Well! don't forget! If he *does*, tell him, *very* plainly. Don't mince what I said— you needn't hesitate to *offend* him—and don't admit him— *under any circumstances!* How is Mr. Richard?

JINCKS (*Bowing.*)—The doctor don't think he is serious, ma'am— but—says he must be kept quiet.

MISS MARJORIE—Is Miss Una still in his room?

JINCKS.—Yes, ma'am.

MISS MARJORIE (*Questioningly,*)—She will be down shortly?

JINCKS.—Yes, ma'am; as soon as Mr. Dick goes to sleep.

MISS MARJORIE (*Aside.*)—Poor Dick! He repeats that woman's name with everybreath— asleep or awake. I wonder what could have caused this relapse? The infamous creature. He was a *fool* to go crazy about her. She wasn't worth it. (*Turns toward Jincks; sharply.*) What are *you* looking at? Go to your place. (*Jincks returns to door.*)

[ENTER UNA.]

(*In costume—decolette—black or pink silk mask; walks over to Miss Marjorie.*)

UNA.—Will you wear costume, Aunty?

MISS MARJORIE (*Doubtfully.*)—I don't know— Dick's sudden illness—

UNA (*Interrupting.*)—Uncle Dick will be all right in a few days, Aunty. *Probably* well!

MISS MARJORIE (*Surprised.*)—*Entirely* recovered— do you mean? —

UNA.—Yes— Aunty— in every way; if Dr. Wilkin's opinion proves prophetic.

MISS MARJORIE (*Earnestly and gladly.*)—I hope that it may.

UNA (*Sincerely.*)—I hope so too Aunty— *perhaps* have *reason* to believe that it will. (*Aside.*) I'll not tell her anything yet. (*Aloud.*) But I will remain here until you come back. Conventionality, you know, makes it your duty as hostess to wear your costume.

MISS MARJORIE.—Faugh! I consult my own senses—not conventionality. If I choose to wear *mourning* and its *proper* I'll do it. It's convenient, though, to wear something else, now, and I'll (*shortly*) suit *convenience*. (Exit.)

UNA— (*Laughing.—Candor is at least one* of Aunty's virtues. * * * * * * * * (*Looks about at male guests.*) *I wonder* what guise Horace will adopt—to escape her recognition. (*Sighs.*) And *opposition* to Horace's suit is *one* of Aunty's *faults.* (*Jincks approaches with card-reciver; invitation on it; Una examines it eagerly.*) What name, Jincks?

JINCKS (*Bowing.*)—Mr. Greene.

UNA (*Throws invitation down impatiently.*)—All right, show him in. (*Jincks walks to hall door, holds back portierres.*)

UNA (*Aside*)—I *wish* cousin Adolphus— humph— (*contemptuously,*) could see that his *attentions* annoy me. He is so *very* obtuse that even *Aunty's* hints are lost on him.

[ENTER BRAKELEY—*masked.*]

(*Assumes Greene's manner, motion and voice throughout entire act, except when he discloses his identity to Una. Walks over to Una, she turns from him petuantly.*)

BRAKELEY.—Aw— Una— I would know you in a thousand!

UNA (*Coldly,*)—Indeed! how?

BRAKELEY.—By your— aw— voice—

UNA.—I had not spoken—

BRAKELEY (*Impetuously.*)—By your eyes— Una— by your divine form— by your—

UNA (*Sarcastically.*)—By your own perspicuity—

BRAKELEY.—Aw— possibly. Love is not always blind— and when a fellah— er— er— loves a girl like I do you— Una— he can't— (*He attempts to take Una's hand; she draws it away!*)

UNA (*Laughing at him.*)—You are quite poetical, coz! (*She touches him under the chin with one finger; he is shocked*— But— (*singing*)

"I'm to be married to-day, I'm to be married to-day."—*Air from Mikado.*

To-morrow— some other day— next week. (*Moves from him laughing.*)

BRAKELEY (*In offended surprise.*)—Una! you don't mean it?

UNA—But I do, Coz; I do mean it.

BRAKELEY.—Who to? that— er— lawyah—

UNA (*Angrily.*)—Sir! (*Brakeley starts.*) No uncomplimentary references to Mr. Brakeley! Do you understand? (*Follows him; shakes finger, threatening, he backs away.*(He's a man of brains, sir! which *you* are not. He is handsome—*you*— are not. He has my affections, too, sir!—*you*— have not. Do you understand, sir? I shall tell him what you said about him, and he will properly punish you.

BRAKELEY (*Dissembles great alarm; backs to end of stage; Una touches him again under the chin with one finger; laughs and runs away to group of guests.*)

BRAKELEY (*As she leaves; ludicuriously.*)—Cruel! cruel! Una!

[RE-ENTER MISS MARJORIE.]

(*In ridicuously unappropriate costume; masked.*)

BRAKELEY (*Starts; Aside, in natural voice.*)—Heavens! Aunty! *Now* for a master stroke. (*Approaches Miss Marjorie; bows.*)—Aw— good evening, Aunty!

MISS MARJORIE (*Surveying him.*)—You! Dolphus! Humph! Aint you *padded*?

BRAKELEY (*Surveying himself with affected pride.*)—N-a-w. It's all my own.

MISS MARJORIE (*Doubtfully.*)—I don't believe it.

BRAKELEY (*After turning around to display his costume.*)—You— aw—don't like jokes—beawstley, pwactical jokes—

MISS MARJORIE—Not a *great* deal. Why?

BRAKELEY (*Confidential.*)—*You* and *I* are to be victims to one to-night.

MISS MARJORIE—M-e-e-e-?

BRAKELEY—We *were* to be— but *I*— aw—learned of it— and we will circumvent the jokist if you—aw—will aid me.

MISS MARJORIE (*Indignantly.*)—Who would *dare—?*

BRAKELEY (*Interrupting.*)—Mister— er— Todd.

MISS MARJORIE (*Surprised, but less severe.*)—Mr.— Todd?

BRAKELEY.—Y-a-a-s; you see he is going to announce himself as— ha! ha!— as *me!*

MISS MARJORIE (*Eyeing him.*)—He made a bad choice, I *must* say!

(*Brakeley starts back offended; Miss Marjorie continues impatiently.*—And what *then?*

BRAKELEY.—Make love to *Una.*

MISS MARJORIE.—W-h-a-t!

BRAKELEY.—Y-a-a-s; but we can turn the joke on *him*—ha! ha!

MISS MARJORIE.—How?

BRAKELEY.—By *your* pretending to be deceived, and becoming— *Una.*

MISS MARJORIE—Humph— That *would* do. You've got more *sense* than I thought. (*Quickly.*) I'll do it! (*altercation heard outside, left; Miss Marjorie goes to portierres; Brakeley walks to Una, who avoids him by moving away.*

TODD'S VOICE (*angrily.*)—What do you mean? Wont admit me? Do you know who I *am?*

JINCK'S VOICE (*As if struggling to prevent a forcible entrance,* —Can't—help—it—no— Turks can— get in—here— no Turks — keep out;

TODD'S VOICE (*In great rage.*)—No Turks! eh! Confound you— Go to Miss Marjorie— she invited— me— confound you— she knows— me— so do you— you scoundrel— (*Sounds of second scuffle.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Hears; calls angrily to Jincks.*)—Jincks! if that man don't leave here— *call* the *police!*

TODD'S VOICE —The *devil!* So *this* is what you meant, today, Madam, is it?

MISS MARJORIE.—It is— sir— *Jincks,* do as *I tell you!*

TODD'S VOICE (*Receding.*)—Then, *damn* your house, Madam * * * *D-a-m-n* everybody in it, you too.

MISS MARJORIE (*Horrified.*)—Call the *police*—*Jincks— call the police!* * * * * * * W-e-l-l! The *Impudence!* In my *own* house, too! The disrespectful scalawag! Why *didn't* I have the police, any how?

(*Una is supposed to be out of hearing, or has not heard on account of the attention of Brakeley, who has followed and conversed with her in dumb show.*)

BRAKELEY (*Aside.*)—*Intended* for m-e! Heavens! *What* an escape. And *Todd! T-o-d-d! How* can I explain it to Todd?

(*Miss Marjorie walks to group of guests; music behind wings, side of other room corner, strikes up; she pauses a moment and walks toward Una, who stands with back to her, facing audience; Miss Marjorie and Brakeley converse in dumb show.*)

[ENTER GREENE—*masked.*]

(*Large ulster, reaching to his feet; looks in from hall door, unobserved.*)

GREENE (*Aside.*)—Aw— The *guests* are early. * * * (*Puts glass to eye.*) If I wasn't so dreadfully neah-sighted I could tell which was Una. (*Steps back to pile of coats, wraps, etc., unbuttons ulster; Jincks steps forward, assists him off with it; when it is removed he is revealed in striped silk boating suit, black stockings, short slippers; sleeves of jacket off at shoulders; trousers to knees only, arms bare, limbs thin, chest hollow, back humped, jacket very thin, showing movement of shoulder blades; mask covering entire face. Jincks surveys him; suppresses a smile; Greene stares at him severely.*) Aw— fellah— which is Miss Marjorie— Miss Una? (*Jincks points to Miss Marjorie and Brakeley; suppresses another smile; Greene stares more severely; turns; walks over to Miss Marjorie.*)

BRAKELEY (*Noticing his approach; to Miss Marjorie.*)—He's aw— coming— Aunty. We'll joke him with his own— aw— joke. (*Aloud, addressing her for Greene's benefit.*) Pawdon me— Miss Una— (*Turns, goes to Una; leaves Greene by Miss Marjorie.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Turns; affects Una's voice.*)—Ah! cousin you are late.

GREENE (*Eyes her in surprise; rubs eyes; aside.*)—Gracious! I must consult an oculist.

MISS MARJORIE.—What detained you? I have been expecting you (*simpers*) some time.

GREENE (*Gallantly.*)—Had I known it— how quickly I would have come— But— ah— (*scrutinizes her critically*) have you been ill? you look *awful!* (*Miss Marjorie starts; Greene adds quickly,*) in the *face*— I mean— you're pale.

MISS MARJORIE (*Aside.*)—He must be drunk. (*Aloud.*) A slight indisposition— but *don't* allow yourself any uneasiness— I am *perfectly* well now.

GREENE (*Aside.*)—I'll see that oculist after breakfast. (*He proffers arm to Miss Marjorie; they walk around. Jincks passes through, enters second room; music strikes up louder; maskers dance (a castanet or minuet is suggested) or parade around in couples, conversing and laughing in dumb show; Jincks throws back portierres, displaying table laid for supper; Miss Marjorie and Greene enter, followed by others; Una and Brakeley last.*)

[ENTER BELLA]

(*From right side of hall; looks about; peers through crack between portierres Popping of corks and laughter heard inside. Brakeley's and Greenes fair voices heard. Bella walks to middle of stage.*)

BRAKELEY'S VOICE, (*From room.*)—A toast to the reigning

beauty—Mr. Greene's companion—and confusion to all rivals. (*Laughter; noise of glasses.*)

GREENE'S VOICE.—Aw— thanks— again— if I may individualize— confusion to— er— *lawyers.* (*Renewed laughter.*)

OMNES.—Yes! yes! confusion to lawyers! Ha! ha!

BELLA (*Listening; starting with every outburst.*)—Well—a regular fulisade; in Miss Marjorie's house too! Its wonderful! What a difference some people can make in other people! If anyone had hinted at masqurades and men striped thing-em a-bobs like them before she met Mr. Todd—they'd 'a been frowned out of existance. (*Laughter and noise of glasses within starts again.*) Why I can hardly believe I'm living and this is Miss Marjorie's. She'll be actually getting good tempered next.

(JINCKS *steps out from behind portierres with bottle of wine and cork-screw in hand; discovers Bella; Tiptoes up behind her; lets cork fly near her face; catches wine as it effervesces; takes bottle from mouth; smacks lips; wipes them deliberately; offers bottle to Bella.*)

JINCKS.—Miss Simpkins— Arabella— (*Mimics as in first act.*) Take a sip? (*Bella turns up her nose; turns her back on him.*) *What* is there about me to cause this cruel— but (*resuming his own voice*) you *ought* to see him— ha! ha! ha!— see his *s-h-a-p-e!* (*Is convulsed.*)

BELLA (*With great dignity.*)—*Him?* Who's *him?*

JINCKS.—The bald-headed— *f-l e-s-h*-pot! ha! ha! (In *mock seriousness.*) No! no! He aint *t-h-a-t.*

BELLA (*Coldly; offended.*)—You *might*, at least, use becoming language in the presence of a *lady*— Mr. Jincks.

JINCKS (*In mock humility.*)—Excuse me— *M-i-s-s* Simpkins— excuse me— (*Noise at portierre; Jincks turns around, presses bottle into Bella's hands, steps forward to throw them back; Bella covers bottle with apron. Exit hastily.*

RE-ENTER UNA AND BRAKELEY

from room; Una first, Brakeley following; Una walks rapidly ahead to middle of stage; removes masks; Brakely pauses a moment at door to look back.)

UNA (*Aside.*)—His impudence is becoming intolerable. * * * * * * * *Why* isn't Horace here? * * * * * * (*Brakeley approaches her from behind; puts his arms about her; she struggles from him.*)

UNA (*angrily,*)—There is a limit, sir— to *everything!* If you continue this ungallant conduct, I *shall* tell Mr. Brakeley— and trust *him* to properly chastise you.

BRAKELEY (*With affected bravo.*)—*Whose* afraid of that— aw— fellah?

UNA (*Sneering.*)—You grow bold *suddenly.* (*Brakeley makes*

movement toward her ; she moves away manifesting anger and contempt.)

BRAKELEY (*Resuming natural voice ; removing mask ; laughing.*)—Una ! Forgive me ?

UNA (*Looks at him first in pleased surprise ; starts toward him ; stops suddenly ; pouts ; speaks half petuantly.*)—I *wont* forgive you. You deceived me.

BRAKELEY (*Goes to her ; takes her in his arms ; she struggles slightly ; then yields.*)—Forgive me, Una ! *Please*— now ? See, I'm as penitent as the prodigal son !

UNA.—And less corrigible ! (*Brakeley attempts to kiss her, she evades him.*) I'll not forgive you Aren't you ashamed of yourself— to deceive *me ?*

BRAKELEY (*Contritely.*)—Yes— Una !

UNA.—I don't believe you ! A man who will deceive— will— (*struggles ;*) will *fib.*

(*Noise at portierres ; voices, laughter; music becomes subdued ; guests enter in couples ; Brakeley and Una walk apart ; Brakeley puts mask back on ; resumes Greene's swagger and manner.*

[RE-ENTER MISS MARJORIE AND GREENE.]

(*Greene very much under influence of wine ; stumbles, pulls Miss Marjorie accidentally , she holds him up ; freezes him with a stare ; he makes a pitiful effort to straighten himself.*)

GREENE (*Aside. Attributing inebriation to near-sightedness.*)—I— aw— (hic) must see ther— oculist to-morrow. (*Lurches forward; another effort at sobriety; another stare from Miss Marjorie.*) Aw— I say—(hic)—don't— don't ! You look— as sour as— (hic)—Aunty. (*Another lurch Aside.*) I— aw— *must* see— er— hoc-u-list.

MISS MARJORIE (*Aside. Surprised ; indignant.*)—This *impudence* from Mr.— T-o-d-d ?

GREENE (*Holding out hands.*)—Fair— fair— (hic)— cousin— don't get mad ?

MISS MARJORIE (*Severely.*) — Human females don't "get *mad*,"—but angry.

GREENE (*Argumentively.*)—Aw— yes ! Aunty— gets *damn* —angry.

MISS MARJORIE (*Horrified. Aside.*)—The reprobate ! They're all alike—unpromising material—but *I'll* take the knots out of him— (*Grimly.*) He'll remember this.

GREENE (*Conciliatingly.*)—Forgive me— er—(hic)—joke— forgimme— wine— gone to my—e-r—(hic)—head— White Label—y'know— joke. * * * I know you aint— (*lurches at her playfully.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Aside.*)—So he *don't* think I'm Una— wanted to tease me— eh ! peculiar humor— I must say.

GREENE — No— mask—can—er—(hic)—hide your lovely face— you remember—other (hic) night—

MISS MARJORIE (*Aside.*)—His *object* in going to the theatre. (*Aloud. Simpering.*) Y-e-e s, I remember.

GREENE.—I— er— drank— White label— your account.

MISS MARJORIE (*Aside.*)—To screw up his courage. (*Aloud.*) That was not necessary—

GREENE.—Yes— (hic) to— propose— (*Miss Marjorie starts; hold out hands to him; he takes them; drops on knees.*) Er— hic something.

MISS MARJORIE (*Coyly.*)—Ah! now—did you?

GREENE (*Kissing her hand fervently; surprised.*)—She's— er— getting kinder. Er— (hic) my boy— Time— my boy— Time and Merit— will— (hic) win. (*Kisses her hands again.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Turning her head away in affected modesty.*) —He aint so *very* drunk— after all!

GREENE.—Then you— er— love me a little— hic— er— Una?

MISS MAJORIE (*Delighted at mention of name.*)—*A little! more!* a great deal— Benjamin!

GREENE (*Aside in stupid surprise.*)—Benja— hic— Benjamin— (hic) White Label— did it— must see er— (hic) aurist to-morrow— (*Aloud.*) You—er—ell marry— me—? (*hic*)— Merit— White Label— (hic) Time. (*Staggers; embraces Miss Marjorie; she nestles to him.*) Lovely! lovely! Una, lemme— see—your face? (*attempts to take off her mask; she evades him.*) Take—it—er-r—off with—r–me; we'll—show—r—(hic) up together. You (*condescendingly*) can — see — my —r— facer—r (hic)! (*He turns from Miss Marjorie, who also turns back to him to unmask. Brakeley and Una approaches them.*)

GREENE.—We'll— r— (hic) count three: One—r * * * * two! * * * thr-r-e-e!

(*Both turn unmasked, face each other. Miss Marjorie screams; faints, falls into Brakeley's arms. Greene stands in stupid consternation; his knees knocking together, and face expressive of maudlin amazement.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Miss Marjorie's reception rooms. As curtain raises Todd is shown in hall in rear by hat rack (same as first act) Jincks assisting him off with overcoat. Todd walks forward, sits down, strikes gloves across knee impatiently.*

TODD (*angrily.*)—I'll have an explanation— or— or— I'll never come to this house again. Call the police— huh! Call the police *to me?* I can't understand it! I was never more dumfounded in my life—just when everything looked serene too! But I'll have an explanation—Zounds! I don't know

but what I'll *demand* an *apology*. (*Jincks passes hall door. Todd sees him. Calls gruffly.*) Here! You!

(*Jincks approaches cautiously, manifests alarm on getting near. Todd eyes him critically.*)

TODD (*aside.*)—He aint so *very* big, (*aloud.*) Are you the fellow—(*Jincks starts, Todd advances on him*)—who kept *me* out of here last night. (*Jincks bows in acknowledgment. Todd utters a cry of rage. Starts after him. They dodge around a table. Todd collects himself suddenly, stops, eyes Jincks again.*)

TODD (*very indignant.*)—You are? Huh! (*Starts again. Jincks gets ready for a second flight, Todd changes his mind, stops again.*) What'd you do it for? *What'd* you do it for?

JINCKS (*bowing and dodging.*)—It was— orders— sir— It was orders.—

TODD.—Whose orders? You scoundrel!

JINCKS.—Miss Marjorie's— sir— Miss Marjorie's.

TODD.—Miss Marjorie's orders— to keep *me* out?

JINCKS.—Not *you*— in particular, but—

TODD.—But what?

JINCKS.—To keep out Turks— not to let in any Turks!

TODD (*Starts in suprise, then meditates.*)—Not to admit any Turks— (*to Jincks.*) What Turk?— What for? (*Jincks is again alarmed*) Talk! Confound you!— What for?

JINCKS.—Yes! Sir! No Turks to be admitted— I don't know— what for.

TODD.—Well! I'll *find* out. Take that to Miss Marjorie, (*hands him card.*) Hurry up! Don't look at me— You scoundrel.

JINCKS (*Hurries to door, stops, bows, put head back in.*) Beg your pardon.—

TODD.— What?

JINCKS.—But I'm no *fellow*. (*Todd starts, he dodges back in door, shuts, then opens it, puts head back in.*) Nor no *scoundrel.*

TODD (*Starts at him.*)—Bah! Get out! (*Jincks jerks head in, same door. Todd chuckles.*) In picnic vernacular "I got my bluff in on *him*," any how. * * * (*changes countenence, puffs up.*) But I came here to be mad. I must be *stern*— at least * * * (*chuckles again.*) It's remarkable how good natured a fellow gets— when he bulldozes somebody. I was loaded for— an *ebulition*— when I came in here— let fly at that fellow and now the edge of my temper's gone. Ha! ha! (*pauses and thinks.*) What did he mean about not letting in any Turks? (*Starts, struck by an idea.*) And Brakeley lent me that suit! * * * * The villian.

JINCKS (*reappears at door, watches Todd warily.*) Miss Marjorie will see you in here.

TODD (*nervously.*)—Hump! Wants me in her strong hold. (*Glares at Jincks, who bows apologetically. Is reassured by his intimidation of Jincks. Aside.*) Well! (*sighs.*) I must show

the front of arsenal. May be it 'll frighten her. (*Darts in door.*) Jincks— (*pauses before following, gesticulating.*) *Two* arsenals— sparks— explosion! (*Exueant both.*)

[Enter Dinkelspeil.]

(*At hall door; looks around; steps in; inspects furniture; wets tip of finger to feel plush on a chair.*)

Dinkespeil (*Approvingly.*)—Dod's purty! * * * * * All vool! * * * * * (*Looks around again.*) Must 'ave gost ad least four dollars (*another inspection of room*) er— yard. * * * (*Grows serious.*) *Fee-fty thousand* dollars! Vot a fool I vas? Vot a fool I vas? (*Quickly.*) He vould *cheat* me! eh! * * * * Vell! We see *aboud dod!* Meester Brageley— ve see aboud dod! (*Subsides, looks around room, wets finger, touches chair again.*) Ye-es! Etery cend of four dollars. (*Bends over is examining chair when*

Jincks Re-enters

Jincks clears throat, eyes Dinkelspeil, who turns, suspiciously.) Jincks (*condescendingly.*) Come to fix the furniture?

Dinkelspeil (*indignantly.*)—Vot you dake me for? A garpender? Do I look like a garpender? (*Drawing up*) Eh?

Jincks (*deliberately.*)—Not— *exa-ctly.*

Dinkelspeil (*haughtily.*)—Vell I dond vas one— *ex agtly*— (*mimics*)— ad all. (*Takes out gaudy silk handkerchief blows nose, walks towards Jincks*) Young man! (*Jincks turns up nose, moves from Dinkelspeil, who looks at handkerchief to discover what offends Jincks' sense of smell, draws it under his nose.*) *Mebbe* you dond like dod Mignonette cologne? Eh! (*puts handkerchief in his pocket.*)

Jincks.—What is your business— Mister— er—

Dinkelspeil (*prompting, proudly.*)—Dinkelspeil!

Jincks.— Mister Dinkelspeil!

Dinkelspeil (*takes out card, straightens up haughtily.*) Dake dod to Meester Todd. Dell him I vant to see him— immediately. (*Jincks snatches it from him, puts it on tray, carries it out holding head to one side and carrying tray as far from his nose as possible.*)

Dinkelspeil—I *got* me one of dose some day. (*Jerks finger towards door out of which Jincks went.*) * * * * Und kill id. * * * * (*Pauses, grows serious again.*) Uh! Huh! Meester Brageley vould cheat a squvare man. Not if I know id. Vy did'nt I know dot gompany vanted dose lands before. *Feefty thousand* dollars! (*Pauses again, seems to contemplate punishment for something. Questioningly.*) Dey vould'nt send a man to *jail* for a *leedle* thing like dot. (*then assured.*) *Not* if he *got* der money. If he *dond* got der money—(*makes wry face.*) He vill get der full benalty. It all depends on how sugsessful he stheals. Mit fee-fty thousand dollar dey vill never gonvict a man— specially— ven he has got a squvare reputation. Mit feefty thousand dollars. Of *course* nod.

[RE-ENETRS JINCKS.]

JINCKS (*superciliously.*)—In here! Mister— Dinkelspeil! (*Dinkelspeil stalks by him into room very dignified.*)

JINCKS (*aside.*)—Humph! If a new hat rack is wanted (*jerks thumb in Dinkelspeil's direction.*) Get several dozen noses like that— and nail 'em on upside down.

[ENTER BELLA.)

On way through room, Jincks discovers her.

JINCKS.—Bella! (*Bella stops; Jincks continues in mock apology.*) Oh! I *do* beg your pardon *Miss* Simpkins. (*Bella looks at him angrily; sinks down in chair; puts apron to her eyes.*)

BELLA.—This is— *cruel*, Jincks— you—u— know it is. (*Cries.*)

JINCKS (*Making wry face.*)—H u-m-p.h! Didn't you *mean* it! then

BELLA (*Sobbing.*)—Mean *what?*

JINCKS (*Mimics.*)—Miss Simpkins— Arabella—

BELLA (*Sobbing more violently.*) — You— know; I didn't— J-i-n-c-k-s.

JINCKS.—H-u-m-p-h! I thought you were— *gone* on him— He's only bald-headed— you know— got a mole— that's all. (*Approaches her; puts arms around her; she twists away.*)

BELLA (*Petulantly.*)—I *hate* him!

JINCKS (*In mock surprise.*)—W-h-y?

BELLA.—Because— because— he made—y-you— think— think— (*Breaks down.*)

JINCKS (*Goes through pantomime of pleased conceit; surveys his own figure; touches his hair significantly.*) Then you— you— *didn't* mean it?

BELLA.—You— know— I like you— Jincks. I'll never— never— (*breaks down again.*)

JINCKS.—No! *I wouldn't.*

(*Dinkelspeil's and Todd's voices at door* [*R*]. *Bella dries eyes; exit through hall door; Jincks follows.*)

[RE-ENTER DINKELSPEIL.]

DINKELSPEIL (*Holds up a check; exclaims in elation.*)—*Fee-fty* thousand dollars— *fee fty* thousand dollars! So he vould *chead* me! eh! Not if Dinkelspeil vas his fader's son. * * * * * * Vat a b-e a-u-d-i-f-u-l check! Go to jail! Nod much! Ha! ha! Dwo hundred and fee fty agres in der swamps— *fee-fty* thousand dollars— in my *pogked.* Go to *jail?* I regkon nod! (*Examines check again.*) No! I vill go to Gooney Island— und dake Racheal und der schildren. * * * * Gracious! vat splurge Racheal vill cut in der vater. * * * * So! *dot* vas vy Meester Brageley dond vant a gorrection— to chead me— *dot* is vy he got id registered right avay— To *chead* me.

[ENTER GREENE]

(*Unobserved during soliloquy; appears at hall door with overcoat on, cane and hat in hand; looks around furtively: enters, going a few steps forward; imagines he hears a noise; retreats to door in alarm.*)

GREENE (*Aside in woeful tone.*)—I— aw— wonder if *he* (*meaning Dinkelspeil*) has seen her. (*Starts again at imagined noise.*) I'll— er— awsk him. (*Clears throak to attract Dinkelspeil's attention; Dinkelspeil turns; greatly alarmed.*)

DINKELSPEIL (*Aside.*)—I vonder if he heard— could he have heard? (*Aloud.*) Vell!

GREENE (*Aside.*)—Aw— maybe *he* was *there*, too! (*Aloud.*) Er— I say— (*walking a few steps forward*) did you know about it—

DINKELSPEIL (*Suspiciously.*)—Aboud id— aboud vat? Vat did I know aboud?

GREENE.—Aunty— er— you know— Mr. Brakeley— The— aw— very *devyl* to pay— (*Dinkelspeil starts. Greene questioningly.*) You did, then?— Er— pretty-er rough on a fellah, you know?

DINKELSPEIL (*speaks excitedly. Aside.*)—He *knows!* He *knows!* My Gott! I vas a ruined man. (*Starts toward Greene in great haste; Greene surprised; backs to door, blocking it off*) Led me oud! Led me oud! I dond know anyding! You fool mit me! Led me oud!

GREENE (*Holding out hands to motion him back.*)—Hold on— hold on— I— er— say—

DINKELSPEIL (*Drawing back; then growing desperate.*)—Led me oud! I tell you. I *wond* be cheaded! (*Advances again.*) I'm a desperade man! Led me oud! Led me oud! (*Dashes toward Greene.*)

(*Greene has raised cane in backing; stands motionless in door. Dinkelspeil nears him; makes a threatening movement; Greene, out of sheer alarm, brings cane down on his head, knocking him down. Dinkelspeil lays stunned on floor; Greene stands over him in blank dismay.*)

TODD'S VOICE (*heard near door.*)— Yes— I will— I will— Ha! Ha! I will.— (*Steps out, discovers Dinkelspeil prostrate.*) Hello! What's up?

GREENE (*aside sinking into a chair overcome by nervousness.*)— The *desperate* villian? He would have killed me! (*Todd walks over to Dinkelspeil stoops over him.*)

[ENTER BRAKELEY.]

(*From hall door, stops amazed.*)

BRAKELEY.—Ha! What is this?

TODD (*looking up.*)—*That's* what I want to know.

BRAKELEY (*stoops over Dinkelspeil.*)—Why it's Dinkelspeil!

TODD.—Do *you* know him?

BRAKELEY (*unheeding question.*)—This is strange. He has been struck.

TODD.—Yes? But by whom? (*alarmed.*) Perhaps robbed. I gave him a check for a large sum of money just now— (*Dinkelspeil groans, Todd raises him and continues*)—in payment for some land.

BRAKELEY.—He'll come around all right presently— for land— where?

TODD.—In Arkansas. (*Dinkelspeil groans again.*)

BRAKELEY (*shows him some attention before speaking.*) Why? I bought some land from him myself.

TODD (*surprised.*)—You?

BRAKELEY.—Yes, swamp land— in Arkansas— Crittenden County.

TODD (*in greater surprise.*) That is what he sold me.

BRAKELEY.—What?

(*Dinkelspeil groans again, recovers consciousness, discovers Brakeley.*)

DINKELSPEIL —*Good* Mr. Brageley! *Dond* haf me arrested— I did'nt mean id.— I vas a boor man— und it was feefty thousand dollar— dond haf me arrested. *G-o-o-d* Mr. Brageley?

BRAKELEY (*puzzled*)—What the *deuce*— does— the fellow mean?

TODD.—The thief! He has sold us both the same land. *That's* why he wanted to catch the next train.

DINKELSPEIL (*whining.*)—Yes! Good gendle-men— bud I did'nt mean id, dough, I vas a— boor man— mid schildren— dond— good gendle-men— haf me arrested— vot will my boor leedle schildren do mit no fader?

TODD.—Get up! You scoundrel! Where is that check? Quick! Give it to me?

DINKELSPEIL (*handing check.*)—Dond— good gendle-men— you vont vill— you? I was a boor man.

TODD.—Get up! (*Pointing to door.*) Get out of here.

DINKELSPIEL.—Thank you! Thank you! *Good* gendle-men— Bud, (*turns to Brakeley,*) maybe Meester Brageley will give a boor Jew gommission— five ber cent. if I sell dot land.

TODD.—Get out, before I have you locked up— give you nothing— get out!

DINKELSPEIL (*whining.*)—Nod even five ber—

(*Todd makes a threatening movement. Dinkelspeil dodges, goes out, stops at door.*)

DINKELSPEIL (*aside in agony of despair, throwing up hands.*) My Gott! My Gott! I vas a ruined man—(*exit.*)

GREENE (*walking forward with show of pride.*)—*I* hit him.

TODD (*who had overlooked him during excitement.*) Humph— you spoke quick!

(*Brakeley takes check from Todd's hand, looks at it.*)

GREENE.—Ya-a-s, to tell the truth— I struck him harder than I intended to. I was-er-little nervous.

TODD (*sarcastically.*)—You *look* as bold as William the Conqueror.

BRAKELEY (*reading check.*)—What's this— Southern Investment Company— $50,000— for two hundred and fifty acres.—

TODD *interrupting.*)—That's it, my boy, the price of the land—

BRAKELEY (*overcome.*)—The land— *I* bought.

TODD.—Certainly— certainly.— If you *don't* want the land— keep the check— and make us a deed for it.

BRAKELEY (*Amazed and exultant, strikes paper with his hand.*)—Am I dreaming?

TODD (*Surprised.*)—Nothing— wrong— is there?

BRAKELEY (*Unheeding question.*)—Rich! Rich!! Where is Una! (*Dashes toward right door*)

TODD (*Trying to detain him.*)—Contain yourself— my boy— contain yourself! Plenty of time! What's the matter? (*Brakeley jerks away from him. At that moment Una enters; he catches her in his arms.*)

BRAKELEY (*Excitealy.*)—Una! I am worth *fifty* thousand dollars— rich! rich! Una! And we'll be married *despite* Aunty.

UNA (*Nestling to him.*)—Wasn't we going to *anyhow?*

BRAKELEY.—Yes— but now— *hang Aunty!* (*Una pretends to be offended.*) No! I meant *bless* Aunty! (*Todd starts; is struck by an idea.*)

TODD (*Solemnly.*)—Brakeley! *you* loaned me that suit. (*Sarcastically.*) Accommodating in you! wasn't it? (*Moves toward Brakeley; Una and he laugh; Una shakes finger at him; he dodges behind her.*)

[ENTER MISS MARJORIE.]

(*Discovers Brakeley, advances to him from other side.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Sternly.*)—And you played upon me— young man— an unpardonable— practical joke. (*Greene starts angrily; Brakeley dodges Miss Marjorie and Todd; laughs.*)

MISS MARJORIE.—Laugh! sir! laugh! to your fill. It's becoming to make a lady the object of your vulgar wit— and amusing— *laugh* again.

GREENE—Yaw-s— laugh— (*Miss Marjorie stares severely at him; Greene starts uneasily, but continues.*) Yaw-s laugh again! It's— er— becoming— you know.

MISS MARJORIE (*To Greene.*)—Get out! What do you know about it? (*Greene subsides.*)

BRAKELEY (*Growing serious.*)—I called upon a mission of as great interest to *you*, Miss Marjorie, as to every one who cares for Dick, (*Miss Marjorie, Todd and Greene grow attentive*) and ask a few moments truce: I have not yet explained the cause of his sudden illness—

MISS MARJORIE (*Interrupting.*)—No! and *he* refuses to speak of it—

BRAKELEY (*continuing without noticing interruption.*)—And his restoration to reason. That is why I ventured to call. I would like to see him in this room— affecting the latter at least —very much. (*Una goes out of right door.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*stiffly.*)—We will waive— other things— for the present— that being the object of your visit—but there are *some* things, Mr. Brakeley— to be explained.

TODD.—Yes sir— several things.

BRAKELEY (*aside.*)—Kind Fate— a fostering eye is needed. (*Una returns supporting Dick, who is haggard and worn by illness. She leads him to a chair— Brakeley steps forward to assist— he becomes seated.*)

BRAKELEY (*solicitously.*)—Dick! Old fellow! * * * * (*Pauses, looks Dick full in the face, Dick returns stare.*) Dick! Do you want to see her?

DICK (*bows head thinks a moment, then speaks eagerly.*)—Yes! Yes! * * * * (*Clutches him by the arm.*) No! * * * * Wait? Yes! Yes! I *do!* (*Exit Brakeley at hall door.*

MISS MARJORIE (*To Greene, austerely.*)—Apolphus! *I* will do the talking for this family!

GREENE.—But— er— it's a man's part— you know— to champion the— er— (*hesitatingly*) f-a-i-r—

MISS MARJORIE (*Contemptuously.*)—F-a-u-g.h! (*Greene sits down, discomfitted. Miss Marjorie and Todd converse in dumb show. Greene goes to Una, offers her some attention, she turns away. Dick bows head and stares at floor ahead of him; Miss Marjorie stands with back to hall door.*)

RE-ENTER BRAKELEY WITH ALICE.

(*Alice pauses at the door, looks about the room. Discovers Dick, starts to him with extended hands.*)

ALICE.—Dick! Dick! (*Dick stands up, embraces her, she buries her head on his shoulder, he kisses her forehead. Miss Marjorie turns discovers Alice, is surprised. Dick sinks wearily back into chair. Alice falling on her knees by him.*) Shall I stay with you. Shall I stay with you, Dick? (*Dick hesitates for a moment, remembers the note, she rises and stands in front of him.*)

BRAKELEY (*noticing his hesitancy.*)—Dick! The note you received was *a* forgery— * * * * written by— (*Dick looks at Alice inquiringly, anticipating confirmation of what Brakeley says.*)

ALICE.—Yes! Forged by the man who decoyed me from you and caused my detention until— until— you left the hotel— Who made *me* believe that you were again married! You believed me *recreant to— to— our marriage vow.*

DICK (*Fervently, rising.*)—Innocent! Innocent! I thank Thee, Oh, God!

ALICE.—Dick! Dick! How *could* you— think *that*— (*breaks down; buries her face on his shoulder and sobs hysterically.*)

DICK (*caressing her.*)—I was a fool! I was a fool! I fought against that "belief"— Alice— until reason succumbed. You cannot know the anguish born of that surrender. But it is over— it is over.—The pain of those years is forgotten in the happiness of this moment.

(*Todd in dumb show appears to expostulate with Miss Marjorie who is striving to pass him. Jincks and Bella appear at hall door.*

[ENTER BABY ETHEL.]

BABY ETHEL (*calling.*)—Uncle Dick! Uncle Dick! *Discovers Dick, runs to him.*) Oh! You bad old fellow! Where have you been.— (*Becomes aware of state of affairs, stops in surprise.*)

DICK (*to Alice.*)— *Our* baby! (*Alice holds out arms to Baby Ethel, who runs to her; Dick sits down*)

ALICE (*Caressing Baby*).—I am your Mamma! Darling! Don't you want me for your mamma?

BABY ETHEL.—Yes I'd like to have you if you'll take Uncle Dick too. (*Alice embraces her. Miss Marjorie succeeds in passing Todd and walks over to Alice.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Sternly.*)—So *you* are that *woman.* (*Alice looks at her in amazement; Miss Marjorie points to the door.*) Leave this house! (*Alice rises; stands defiantly.*)

DICK (*Rises; speaks sternly.*)—Silence! woman! This is my *wife!!* (*Alice goes to him; he puts his arm about her*) and *remains* with *me*— here and everywhere! (*Miss Marjorie is dumbfounded; tries to retort, but is overcome and walks over to piano, where she rests her face on her arm, and sobs half penitently, half angrily.*)

BABY ETHEL (*Speaks as Miss Marjorie turns.*)—She *shant* go! She is my mamma! (*Todd stands perplexed where Miss Marjorie left him; seems undecided whether or not to go to her.*)

BRAKELEY (*Reassuring him.*)—Go comfort her, old fellow; and— and— (*significantly*) do what Greene did for you.

GREENE (*Starts angrily; feels his arm. Aside.*)—He'll—er—go— too far— presently—and I'll hit *him.* (*Todd goes to where Miss Marjorie stands; puts one arm partly about her.*)

MISS MARJORIE (*Wheeling suddenly.*)—Am— I— am— I— *ever*— as cross as *that?* (*Todd nods reluctant acknowledgement; Miss Marjorie throws herself into his arms; cries on his shoulder.*) Then I'll— never— never— be disagreeable to any— one— *again.*

TODD (*Confusedly.*)—No— no— It's a bad habit?

MISS MARJORIE.—And I'll begin my reformation *right* now. * * * * * Mr.— Brakeley— (*points to Una*) take her— take her. (*Una and Brakely embrace.*)

BRAKELEY (*Aside.*)—Fifty thousand dollars will take any sort of metal through the crucible of Aunty's opinions.

GREENE (*Sighing.*)—*I'll* become a hermit—a regular Friar Tuck— sort of—er— fellah!

UNA (*Laughing.*)—Don't! Coz! *that* would be lonesome.

GREENE (*Considering.*)—Y-a-w-s! It would. * * * * I'll go to (*wearily*) Europe then.

BELLA (*to Jincks.*)—And now, Jincks,

"Incomplete this play would be
Unless you were reconciled again to me."

JINCKS.—Humph— I— *see*. I'll take your word and you together.

BABY ETHEL (*to Brakeley, roguishly.*)—I *never* did tell on Aunt Una, and you *did'nt* bring my bon-bons. (*Una catches her up and kisses her.*)

[CURTAIN.—FINALE.]

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS.

UNCLE DICK.—About thirty-five years of age; a little slovenly until after meeting Alice; speaks in low monotone; is apathetic, except when pleased, then exhibits a childish delight.

ALICE.—About twenty-eight years of age; modestly attired.

MISS MARJORIE.—A spinster of thirty-five or forty years of age; wears long cork-screw curls on each side of face; speaks bluntly and sharply. In ball-room scene appears in decolette costume.

TODD.—A middle-aged bachelor; slightly bald; conspicuous mole on side of face; is very neat and extremely polite—something of an old beau.

UNA.—Eighteen years of age; attire conventional; decolette costume, black or pink silk mask in ball-room scene; street dress, etc., in second act.

BRAKELEY.—Young lawyer; handsome and dressed in good taste.

GREENE.—A fop; glasses, curly blonde wig, parted in middle; drawls—not over-done. Striped silk boating suit in ball-room scene; sleeves off near shoulders; knee-pants; black silk stockings. Should be very thin and hollow-chested.

DINKELSPEIL.—A typical modern Jew; middle-aged; slight accent; dresses rather flashily; wears large diamonds.

BABY ETHEL—House dresses in first and fourth acts; street dress in second.

BELLA.—Young and rather romantic; maid's dress; white apron and cap.

JINCKS.—Butlers costume; black wig; short mutton-chop whiskers.

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